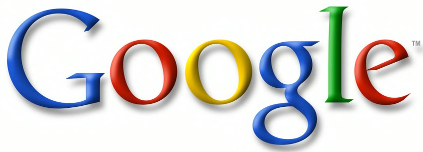


This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

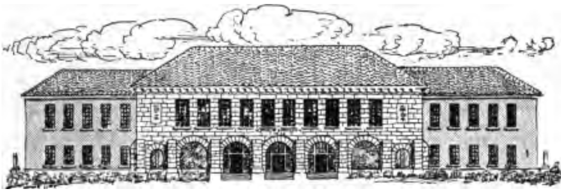
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

TX 371.331 .W121
Wade, Mary Hazelton Blanchard,
Pilgrims of to-day /
Stanford University Libraries

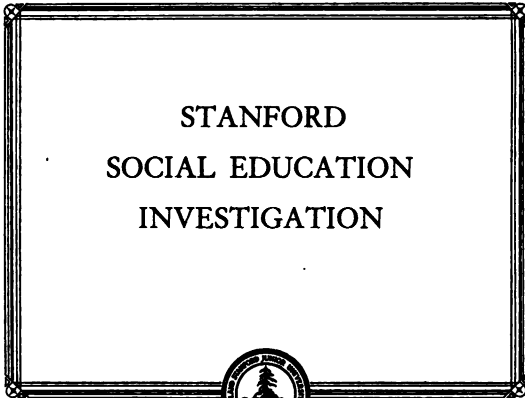
3 6105 04918 1246

PILGRIMS OF TO-DAY

MARY H. WADE



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY



STANFORD
SOCIAL EDUCATION
INVESTIGATION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

C15615
A 1.24

PILGRIMS OF TO-DAY

By Mary H. Wade

THE WONDER-WORKERS

THE LIGHT-BRINGERS

PILGRIMS OF TO-DAY

TRAIL BLAZERS

THE MASTER BUILDERS

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

JOSEPH PULITZER. — *Frontispiece.*

PILGRIMS OF TO-DAY

BY

MARY H. WADE

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1936

520

Copyright, 1916,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved

726371
C

STANFORD SOCIAL EDUCATION
INVESTIGATION

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

We Americans are justly proud of our country, — its riches, its privileges, its opportunities. We say: Here in the United States people have more liberty than those of any other nation in the world. The poorest have the same rights as the possessors of great fortunes; the man without a penny and unknown to-day may, if he prove himself worthy, become at some future time the head of this Republic. No one can set a limit as to what another may accomplish in this free land.

While considering our present blessings, we do not forget how much we owe to our immigrant ancestors, pilgrims to these shores, who suffered privation and even death for the sake of their descendants. We honor them for their sacrifices and achievements.

Some of the very people, however, who give unstinted praise to the early pilgrims, grieve at the incoming tide of foreigners during recent years. They believe that unless a stop is put to such an inflow we cannot continue to prosper.

But people who think thus seem to forget that there have been pilgrims in recent as well as past times for whose coming every loyal American should be grateful. For instance, we note the statesman Carl Schurz, who rendered this country noble service when its need was great. There was Jacob Riis, who devoted himself to the poor and the needy, and brought sunshine into the lives of untold numbers of human beings. There was the scientist, John Muir, who revealed hitherto unnoted wonders among our mountains and valleys, and to whose untiring zeal we owe a beautiful national park which shall be free for the enjoyment of all people of all times. There is Mary Antin, whose heart overflows with love and admiration for her adopted country, and who strives to hold us to the ideals of our ancestors. There is Nathan Straus, the "Savior of Babies"; Jacob Pulitzer, the editor of world-wide fame; and Edward Alfred Steiner, the friend and helper of the working people.

May it not be worth our while to consider the lives of some of the pilgrims of to-day, who have given so much to the land that we love and they learned to love, and to which they have devoted the best part of their lives?

CONTENTS

PAGE

John Muir 1
Jacob Riis 54
Mary Antin 112
Edward Alfred Steiner 142
Carl Schurz 168
Nathan Straus 211
Joseph Pulitzer 231

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Joseph Pulitzer . . . . *Frontispiece*

John Muir . . . . FACING PAGE 52

Mary Antin . . . . " " 140

Nathan Straus . . . . " " 226

PILGRIMS OF TO-DAY

JOHN MUIR

A PILGRIM FROM SCOTLAND

On the distant coast of Scotland lies the little town of Dunbar, from whose hilltops the children can look out over the wild waters of the North Sea and watch the ships sailing past on many a dangerous voyage. Close by is the old castle-fortress, around which many a battle has been fought. In this little town so rich in history, a young couple, Daniel Muir and his sweet wife Anne, set up housekeeping about eighty years ago, and on the twenty-first day of April, 1838, a baby was born to them, to whom they gave the good old Bible name of John.

As his parents looked at the helpless child,

they little dreamed of the long journey he was to make from this quiet home, and of the fame he would win by means of his active mind and his love of all beautiful things.

John's father was a stern man who believed strongly that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. John's mother, on the other hand, had a most tender heart, and many a time she helped John and his brothers escape the whippings they often deserved.

The simplest food was served in the home. On the broad shelf of the dresser stood a row of wooden dishes shaped like tiny tubs. In these "luggies", as the Scotch people call them, John's mother served the breakfast of oatmeal porridge to her children, sometimes adding a little milk or treacle to each portion. During the meal there was no lively talk of work or play. That would have been wicked, so the father thought, for before each meal began he asked a long Scotch blessing; and while eating, he told his children, their thoughts should be of God and of his kindness in giving them food.

When noon came, a hungry group gathered once more about the table. Again there was

the long blessing, after which came dishes of vegetable broth, a little meat, and all the barley-meal scone the children could eat.

In the late afternoon there was another meal, when each child had half a slice of white bread without butter; plain as it was, it was looked upon as a delicacy. There was also barley scone and a cup of "content." This drink, with such a delightful name, was simply warm water to which a little milk and sugar had been added.

In the evening, when work and study were over for the day, a fourth meal was served, consisting of a boiled potato with more barley scone. After this the father took down his Bible, and his wife and the children gathered around him silently, while he read and prayed before sending the little folks to bed.

Not far away from the Muir home lived Grandfather Gilrye, and little John used often to visit the old man and tell him of his childish adventures. Grandfather Gilrye taught John his letters, pointing them out on the signs over the shops on the other side of the street, when the boy could have been scarcely three years old.

Before John was five, there came a great day in his life — he went to school! Clean and sweet from a sound scrubbing, he stood before his mother while she hung a green bag around his neck. In this bag was his first reader, which was soon to be followed by a second and a third containing stories that seemed so real to John he delighted in reading them over and over again.

Before his school days began, the little three-year-old boy had an adventure which he never forgot. He had gone for a long walk with his grandfather, and after a while the two sat down to rest on a haystack in a big field. Suddenly John jumped up.

"Listen," he said. The boy's quick ear had caught a sharp, thin cry from deep down in the hay.

"It is only the wind," his grandfather answered. But John was not satisfied and began to dig down into the stack. There, at last, he found a family of field mice, a mother and her young, and the sight filled the boy with wonder and delight. In after years, when he traveled in the wildest places on the earth and came upon strange and

dangerous animals, he was never more excited than on that day when he discovered a field mouse nursing her young.

John learned songs in school that made him think of the birds which came flying about his home. When the spring opened, the children sang of the swallows returning from their winter haunts in distant lands. As they repeated the words,

> "Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
> Welcome from a foreign shore,"

they swung their bodies backward and forward in time with the music.

Then there was the cuckoo song about the wonderful bird that repeated his name so musically. Even the whale, the great beast of the sea, was remembered in the school songs. Sometimes, when John and his mates were playing on the hilltop behind the school, the little boy would look out over the great sea and think of the wonderful creatures beneath those waters.

The coast near by was a dangerous one, and when storms raged high, ships were sometimes wrecked on the rocks below. Then

John and his playmates, watching eagerly, hurried to the shore to gather what spoils they might from the stranded ships. In his spare hours John carved toy ships and fitted them out, each with its proper rigging. Then, in the pond near his home, he would sail his boats and send them out on races with those of his boy friends. Even in the schoolroom he drew pictures of all kinds of sailing craft in his books.

John's father, a pious man, believed that no study could be as important as that of the Bible. Consequently, besides school lessons brought home to learn in the evening, the Muir children were obliged to memorize hymns and chapters in the Bible. At home, as well as at school, the memory was encouraged in a most unpleasant way, for a word or line forgotten was followed immediately by a thrashing. John wrote afterwards that he was driven against his books as soldiers are driven against the enemy. "Up and at 'em" was the command he had to keep constantly in mind.

After all, there was some pleasure in Bible study, for the stern father really wished to

be just. Thus, when John had learned to recite "Rock of Ages" without a mistake, he was rewarded by the gift of a penny!

John soon showed that he had an unusual memory. He mastered the New Testament so thoroughly that he could recite it, without help, from beginning to end. He learned some of the books of the Old Testament as well.

Though the school hours were long and there were many home duties, John managed to have a good deal of sport. The most loved playground was Dunbar Castle. There the little Scotch boy and his mates fought over again the battles of long ago. They climbed high among the dangerous peaks around; they had running and wrestling matches; they carried on mock battles, vying with each other in bravery as they remembered the heroes, Bruce and Wallace.

"When I grow up to be a man, I will be a soldier," thought John, and thus in rough games such as wrestling, prisoners' base, hare and hounds, he strove to show no fear, nor to let a single line in his face indicate the pain that followed the falls or the blows. The

whippings he received at home, as well, must be followed by no outcry, a thing which would be a sign of weakness not befitting a future soldier. John Muir was born of the fighting blood of old Scotland, so it is not strange that warfare was his favorite game.

Many a time there were fights in earnest among the boys of Dunbar. Only a coward, they believed, would not accept a challenge. Consequently, there were often black eyes which the parents and teachers accounted for in only one way, — there had been a fight. So, when John appeared at home or at school with a sadly discolored face, he knew that a sound thrashing was sure to follow.

"It is not fair," he would think. "If my father and teacher have the right to thrash me, surely I have the right to thrash my mates." But the older folks could not see the matter in that light; they had forbidden fighting, and disobedience should be punished.

John was a daring little fellow. Again and again he climbed up among steep crags overhanging the sea, in places where wiser folks would not have trusted themselves. In his

own home also he faced dangers of which his parents never even dreamed.

This is how it happened. In the northland where John lived, the sun sets so late in the summer time that the light lasted long after the children were sent to bed. John's next younger brother David slept with him. "Gude nicht," their loving mother would say, after tucking the boys into the old-fashioned bed. "Be quiet and go to sleep like gude bairns," she would add as she left them.

But there was no thought of sleep for those busy brains yet awhile. "Let's do scorchers," perhaps John would whisper, when the last creak of his mother's footsteps had died away; and David instantly showed himself ready for any deeds of daring, or "scorchers", that his older brother might suggest. First of all, there was the "ghost room" next door, into which only a brave boy would think of venturing.

But what was this "ghost room"? Strange as it may seem, many of the boys and girls of Scotland believe in ghosts and witches, the very mention of which brings fear and trembling to the little folks. A foolish serv-

ant girl told John that a ghost dwelt in the room next to his, and at night this ghost was quite likely to appear to any person who was brave enough to enter his abode. The girl's story stirred the boy to show his bravery, and he would dare David to take turns with him in making a rush into the "ghost room."

Such a "scorcher" as this Mrs. Muir would have laughed at. But not the scrambles the boys made in their nightgowns out of their dormer window to the high-pitched roof of their house.

In the winter, darkness set in very early. After John and David went to bed, they pretended to take imaginary voyages to far distant countries. Stowing themselves away under the bedclothes, they would pretend to visit places of which they had read in their geography lessons.

The boys traveled among the mountains and valleys of America, already a wonderful land in their imaginings; they saw India with her stores of jewels and rich perfumes; they journeyed to distant lands of ice and snow, and lingered among men and women speaking unknown tongues. Then, suddenly, sleep

would overtake them while still far from home, and when their mother came for a parting look at her "dear bairns" before seeking her own pillow, she would find only mounds in the bedclothes beneath which the little travelers lay hidden.

John studied hard and delighted to be a leader in his class. When he was little more than seven years old he entered the grammar school, where lessons at once became very hard. When school ended in the late afternoon the little boy was by no means free. With a strap full of books off he ran to spend the evening, generally at Grandfather Gilrye's, getting his lessons for the next day.

Besides the great amount of work required at school, there were still daily Bible lessons at home. A certain number of verses must be learned perfectly, and thrashings were ready to follow the smallest failure. Did the little boy lose his spirit under so much discipline? By no means.

Like oases in the desert, free Saturday afternoons and the yearly vacation made delightful breaks in the hard school work. Again and again Mr. Muir would forbid his

sons to leave their own yard where he felt sure they would learn no evil.

Ah! but beyond those walls were rocky cliffs, and beaches to which the tide was ever bringing fresh treasures from the sea. Best of all, there were green fields in whose trees birds built their nests. Neither John nor his brothers could resist the thought of the discoveries to be made, even though heavy thrashings were sure to follow. Egg hunting gave great delight to these little savages. One thing, however, always held them silent and wondering.

This was the beautiful song of the skylark. For whole hours John would stand listening and watching as a skylark rose suddenly from its nest in the grass near by. Soaring straight and high overhead, the tiny songster would come to a stop far above the earth, to fill the air with his sweet and wondrous song. Then upward still farther he would fly, till he was quite lost to sight. Again the beautiful song would come floating down, and the little boy would still stand watching, listening, for what was yet to follow, — the sudden downward flight of the bird to the

ground below where his mate, sitting on her nest, was waiting for him.

Besides the birds, there were bees to follow, and the opening flowers of spring to search for; there were races in the bright clear air and sunshine; there were scrambles on the forbidden cliffs. Who could be coward enough to let thrashings stand in the way of pleasures such as these?

In one of the school readers were stories which excited John greatly. One of these stories described the wonders to be found in the American forests. It told of the sugar maple with its stores of sweet sap; a person only had to tap this tree in the springtime, when lo! out flowed a liquid sugar with a taste so delicious it could hardly be described. To live in the neighborhood of such trees, and to obtain for one's self a store of "sweets", must make any boy happy, John thought.

Besides the strange things of the earth in far-away America, the book told of wonderful flying creatures. For instance, there was the passenger pigeon that traveled as fast as thirty miles in a single hour, and could find

its way home even if carried a thousand miles away. These graceful birds, moreover, according to the book, flew over the American continent in flocks so large that the sky was darkened as they moved along. There were millions of them in a single flock.

Soon after reading these stories, the little boy heard the grown-ups talking of a great discovery which had been made in America, — that of gold. Abundance of sugar and abundance of gold! What more could any one wish? Surely the children of America were blessed.

One evening John and his brother David were studying, as usual, over at Grandfather Gilrye's. Into the room came Mr. Muir with news that almost took the boys' breath away, so great and wonderful it was.

"Bairns," he told them, "you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn!"

You can scarcely imagine John's feelings. Picture after picture came rushing into his mind, — golden treasure, maple-sugar, flocks of passenger pigeons, and fruits and flowers different from any which he had ever seen.

What a glorious world it was! And how fortunate was he, John Muir, to be able to go out into it.

After his father had left the house, the boys noticed that their grandfather did not seem to feel as joyful as themselves. Alas! he was getting old and was to be left lonely and sad. When they promised to send him a box of tree-sugar packed in gold from the new home across the ocean, he said sadly: "Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else over the seas forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests and freedom. You'll find plenty of hard, hard work."

Before the boys left him for the night, he gave each one a piece of gold to keep in remembrance of him. Then away ran John down the street, shouting to his playmates, "I'm gan to America the morn."

The next morning John and David started on their travels with their father and sister Sarah. The dear mother, three other sisters, and their younger brother were to be left behind until a home should be made for them in the western wilderness of the United States. It was hard to part from the loved ones, yet

the joyful thought of America soon chased the pain away.

First there was a short journey to Glasgow; then followed a long voyage of more than six weeks on an old-fashioned sailing vessel. Every moment of the voyage was filled with happiness for the two boys. There was plenty to do and see. Sometimes they worked with the sailors who liked the daring little Scotchmen. They showed the boys how they managed the ship in fair weather and in foul, and taught them the names of the various ropes and sails.

John and David also learned the songs that the sailors sang on calm evenings. There were games which the boys played with other small passengers, chasing each other in glee over the deck of the old vessel. Most exciting of all were the storms, when the ship rocked so wildly that nearly all the passengers lay ill in their berths. At such times John's heart beat fast with delight. He enjoyed the rushing of the wind, the dark clouds sweeping past, the waves chasing each other and sometimes sweeping over the deck of the vessel. Well did the boy afterwards re-

member the day when the longed-for shores of America appeared in sight; soon the vessel drew up to a big pier, and eleven-year-old John stepped for the first time on American soil.

His father had at first intended to go to the woods of Canada, but his fellow passengers told him he would find no better place to settle than in the fertile fields of Wisconsin. So, loading the tools and furniture which he had brought from Scotland on a train bound for the west, he and the three children started on their way towards the wilderness.

When the car ride came to an end, there were still one hundred miles to be traveled in a heavy wagon over rough roads. Even then the end had not been reached, for Mr. Muir did not know exactly where to settle. Leaving the children in the town of Kingston, he went out to find a good piece of land which no one else had taken up. He soon returned with the joyful news that he had found a place on the shore of a beautiful lake.

The nearest neighbors were very kind to the newcomers. With their help a small log hut was quickly built on a sunny spot above the

lake, and John's sister Sarah set up housekeeping for her father and brothers.

For a few days the boys had spare time in which to wander about the country around their new home. Each hour brought fresh discoveries. For instance, there were many kinds of birds which the children had never seen before, one of these being the beautiful blue jay. The very day of his arrival John discovered its nest filled with green eggs close to the hut, but the parent birds were so frightened at the nearness of two noisy boys that they lost no time in secretly emptying the nest. How did they manage to carry away the eggs? This was the first question in regard to any creatures of wonderful America that John asked himself. And in the long and busy years afterwards spent with Mother Nature, he was never able to get an answer. Then there were the woodpeckers which bored wonderfully round holes in the trees. How could they succeed so well with no other tools than their own sharp beaks? There were whippoorwills with their sad evening cry, nighthawks, and the brave little kingbirds, and many other flying creatures.

The birds were not the only things that interested John. There were the changing cloud banks of the sky, the frogs in the lily-bordered lake, the flowers, many of them new to the eyes of the Scotch lad; best of all, perhaps, were the thunderstorms, when black cloud-mountains stretched themselves across the sky, and lightnings chased each other in long shafts of dazzling brightness.

At these times John had no thought of fear. Filled with wonder, he would stand silent, looking up at the scene overhead and listening to the mighty crashes of thunder which shook the earth beneath him. During those first weeks in the wilderness, the boy was studying hard in Nature's school. These were "love lessons" as he called them afterwards.

Besides the wild creatures of the fields and forests, John had much to interest him in his own yard and home. There were the patient oxen his father had bought for plowing; there was a mother hog with her family of funny, squealing babies. There was also a lively puppy, and a cat with her kittens for whom she went hunting and brought home

many a feast of birds and squirrels. There was a pony on which the boys took turns in learning to ride. Then too there were sociable little field mice which scampered about the children's feet as they knelt with their father at evening prayers.

Work soon began in earnest. A house was built, into which the family moved in the autumn when John's mother arrived with the other children. Trees were cut down and brush burned away. Plowing and planting had to be done, cattle and hogs fed, corn shucked, hay cut, and wood sawed for fuel. John, being the oldest boy, had the care of the work-horses. He became very fond of them, and when one was stolen by an Indian he grieved as though he had lost his dearest friend. The Indian was afterwards caught, however, and the horse brought back to the farm. Then great was the joy at Fountain Lake, for such the new home had been named, as this particular horse, Nob, was very intelligent.

When John was only twelve, he had to do a big share of the plowing, though his head scarcely reached above the handles of the

machine; he split rails for fences, he planted and gathered crops, he threshed grain, and he guided the mower. In summer the little fellow had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and it was often nine o'clock at night before he could tumble into bed, so tired that he hardly knew how to get there.

Mr. Muir was, as we know, a stern man who believed that tenderness would spoil his children. And so, when John had the mumps during a busy season, he was kept at his work though his throat was so swollen he could take no food except milk, and he became so weak that he sometimes fell in the harvest field. At another time he was seized with pneumonia, and was so ill that he simply could not stand. For weeks he lay between life and death.

The summer season, which should have been happy and care-free, was the busiest of all. Now was the time to gather the harvests of wheat, and to hoe the corn. The scythes must be kept sharp, the cattle and horses fed, water brought from the spring to the house, and wood chopped for the fires. Seventeen hours of hard work, one after another! And then,

when the head was dizzy and the back and feet aching, the boy must try to hold his mind steady during the family prayers which ended the day.

The winter brought its own work. The cattle must now be carefully fed and housed, for the cold was often severe. This was the season for cutting down trees, making new fences, and mending old ones. Corn must be shucked and the farm tools repaired.

But even now there were pleasures. One of John's greatest delights was to watch the snowstorms. He quickly discovered that the snow here came down differently from that in Scotland. There, great feathery masses fell upon one's face and clothes, while on the Wisconsin farm the flakes were separate, like crystal daisies. "God's darlings" the boy might have called them, as he afterwards spoke of the shining rock crystals which he discovered in the western mountains.

The evening sky also had great charms for the lad. The stars were brighter than those of the homeland. Sometimes there appeared in the sky the "Merry Dancers", as John had learned to call the aurora. The children

at Fountain Lake enjoyed watching the trembling light as it spread over the heavens, or shot in long streams from out of the north.

But the springtime! This was the season of the year John loved most. The work was lightest now, and there was more time to enjoy the wonders of the world around. Millions of passenger pigeons came flying from the south, followed by immense flocks of geese and ducks. First of all the newcomers were the bluebirds. Then came the robin, so ready to make friends, and the gentle brown thrush, with its sweet song of evening.

While John was getting acquainted with these and other birds, he was also making many discoveries. He watched the budding of the different trees and learned their names; he searched for the opening flowers; he listened to the humming of numberless insects.

A great treat was in store for the Scotch lad during the first days of summer. Then his keen eyes discovered wild strawberries hidden among the meadow grasses and in the bits of open woodland where the sunlight could make its way. Whenever the Muir children had a few spare moments, they would scamper

down to the pastures in search of the tempting fruit.

Strawberries were soon followed by dewberries, huckleberries, and cranberries, which John's mother used in making wondrous pies such as had never been tasted in the home across the ocean. Then came the time when stores of nuts were gathered. Doubtless no tree seemed so precious then as the hickory. It gave large supplies of nuts; and also, if deep cuts were made through the bark, syrup as sweet and delicious as sugar would work its way to the surface. John loved this hickory syrup.

There were few holidays at Fountain Lake. On Sunday, of course, only the most necessary work was done, but there was church to attend, and Sunday school for which lessons must be carefully prepared. Only a small part of the day was left in which John and his brothers and sisters could do as they pleased.

There were two days, however, on which the Muir children were free from morning till night. Many were the discussions held by John and his brothers as to the way in which

these should be spent. Should they visit young friends on near-by farms? Should they spend the precious hours reading favorite books? Should they work on machines which John's busy mind had invented? These were some of the questions which the boys asked each other, though they generally ended by spending the holiday on a high rocky hill which they called the Observatory.

During those first years in Wisconsin, John Muir often did what in after years he thought was wrong, — he went hunting. In this cruel sport he acted, as he afterwards called himself, like a little savage. Around the borders of Fountain Lake were the nests of numberless muskrats, gentle little creatures as wise as beavers. And yet, when John went to the lake, he often set traps for these musk-rats. In the fields near the house he hunted the busy little badgers which had burrowed their homes in the earth. He killed many a rabbit as it scampered through the woods.

None of the wild animals John discovered were more interesting than the flying squirrel. Then there was its cousin the chipmunk, whose bright eyes often discovered ripened

fruit and nuts before the children of Fountain Lake had a chance to pick them.

During the winter season, when snow covered the ground, John watched for the tracks of deer. Indians were often seen following the shy creatures in hot pursuit. Woe to the poor deer then, for the red men seemed untiring. Mile after mile they would skim along on their snowshoes till at last their prey was worn out. Then whiz flew the arrows, and the victims lay dead before the hunters.

"My sons, you should learn to swim," Mr. Muir said one day. He had little time to teach the boys, so he advised them to watch the frogs.

"See how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up again," he said. "When you want to dive," he added, "keep your arms by your side or over your head, and just kick, and when you want to come up, let your legs drag and paddle with your hands."

John and his brothers were glad enough to receive their father's command and accordingly went down to the lake as often as possi-

ble to take lessons from their frog teachers. They were soon able to dive, as well as swim around the edge of the lake where the water was shallow. Then came the Fourth of July. A boy visitor arrived to spend the holiday and it was decided to spend the happy hours at the lake.

Later on in the day, John thought, "This is a good time to try swimming in deep water," and he struck out from the shore towards the boat in which his visitor sat with back towards him, fishing. He reached the boat safely and raised his arm to take hold of the stern, but he did not lift it high enough. And now he felt the force of the upward stroke, forcing him downward. Confused with sudden fear, he sank to the bottom of the lake. He rose once more, but was too much frightened to call for help, and sank again to the bottom.

Again he rose and sank, till his lungs almost filled with water, and he would soon have drowned had it not been for his strong will. "How foolish I have been," he thought, "not to remember that I know how to swim under water." Accordingly, without trying to raise

his head to the surface, he kicked himself along till he reached a more shallow place. He was now able to get his mouth above the surface and to cry, "I canna get out."

The boat came quickly to his rescue, and he was soon ashore, safe and unharmed but much ashamed of himself for giving way to fear. That night, when he thought of what had happened, he decided to punish himself for behaving, as he thought, in an unmanly way. He crept down to the lake in the darkness, got into the boat, rowed far out into deep water, and took off his clothes. Then, taking a long breath, he dove from the stern; down he went for thirty or forty feet.

Not a fear had he this time, however, as he paddled to the surface. Not yet satisfied, he swam round and round the boat, and then, getting in, made ready for a second dive. Over and over again he dove and swam, each time saying to himself, "Take that."

Eight years were spent at Fountain Lake. At the end of that time, the land had been cleared and shut in by fences, and a good house and large barns had been built. It seemed at last as though John might be

able to have life a little easier. But no! His father now decided to buy a stretch of wild land a few miles away and start a farm there.

John's heart must have sunk at the thought of what this meant, — the old story of land-clearing and stump-digging and house-building to be repeated. And as he, the oldest son, had borne the brunt of the work before, he must expect to bear it again. In fact, he had already taxed his strength so much that he had not grown as he should, and for this reason he had won the nickname of "Runt of the family."

The new home was called Hickory Hill because of the many hickory trees around it. It was beautifully situated, but Mr. Muir found one great difficulty in getting settled: there was neither spring nor stream at hand to supply the family with water. Only one thing could be done, and that was to dig a well near the house. After the work was begun, it was found that below the first ten feet the shaft must be sunk through solid rock. Mr. Muir tried to blast the rock, but did not succeed.

"John," said he, "you will have to do the work with a chisel."

The task that lay before the young man was a great one. Nevertheless he did not dare to refuse, and for many months he dug patiently away through the long hours of each day. Soon after sunrise he was lowered into the dark narrow well, and there he stayed and chipped away the rock bit by bit till night fell, except for the noon hour when he was drawn up for dinner and a few whiffs of fresh air.

One morning he came close to death. He had been lowered into the well, now nearly eighty feet deep, but was suddenly overcome by deadly gas so that he could not move. His father, not hearing any noise below, was frightened. He shouted to his son to get into the bucket and to hold on. This roused John enough to make him struggle against the choke-damp. He managed to crawl into the bucket and was hoisted up, nearly dead.

Even after this narrow escape, John kept on with the dangerous work until the bed of rock was pierced and fresh water gushed up. There was plenty of work still before him,

but at least he was no longer shut out from the fresh air and light.

John Muir loved books. There were few save the Bible in that far western home, but the young man saved the pennies he earned by doing extra jobs, and with these he bought the works of some of the great poets. Shakespeare and Milton gave him the most delight. When he was reading these books he forgot homely farm duties, for he lived in a new and beautiful world. Years afterwards he spoke of the joy that only good books can bring.

Fond as the young man was of reading, there was little time for it because the father's rule was that after the day's work was ended and the family prayers had been said, every one in the household must go to bed. On winter nights, however, John, who was eager to have every possible moment with his loved books, would loiter in the kitchen after the others had gone to their rest.

"If I can only gain five precious minutes before father discovers the light!" he would say to himself. And when, two or three times, he managed to be undisturbed for ten

whole minutes, he thought himself a most fortunate youth.

Mr. Muir became vexed at the idea of having to order his son to bed so often, and once, when John happened to be reading a religious book, he called out: "Go to bed. You must go when the rest do and without my having to tell you." As he finished speaking, he probably thought that as John was reading a religious book, he had been a little too stern, so he added: "If you must read, get up in the morning and do it. You may get up as early then as you will."

How happy John was now! He knew well that as a true Scotchman, his father would dislike very much to break his word. But could he wake any earlier than usual without being called, he wondered. That night he went to sleep with one thought in his mind, *early*. And when he waked in the cold winter darkness and looked at the clock, he could have shouted with joy when he found that it was only one o'clock. Five long hours were before him to do with as he wished.

Should he read? Unfortunately, it was too cold to sit still unless he made a fire, and his

father would object to that. "Aha," he said to himself, "I will work on one of my inventions." Accordingly, he went down into the cellar where he kept his tools and started work on a sawmill that should set itself. He had already made a barometer, and a clock whose hand would rise and set with the sun throughout the year. But time for such work had always been scanty. Now, however, he felt suddenly and gloriously rich. Why, there would be many other mornings like this one if he could only succeed in waking up! His wish was granted, and during the rest of the winter he did not fail to rise at one o'clock to enjoy the precious hours before dawn.

In the course of the winter he made a big clock which he fastened on an outside wall of the house. The figures on the face were so large that people working in the fields some distance away could tell the time easily. He also made a self-setting sawmill, and a large thermometer out of a piece of worn-out wash-board.

The thermometer was so sensitive that it was affected by the approach of people when five feet away. "A wonderful invention!"

declared one of the neighbors, and Mr. Muir agreed with him. By this time, the other boys had grown up and left the farm to start life for themselves, but John was a home lover, and he still remained with the old folks.

He was dreaming dreams for his future, however. So was his mother who wished he might become a minister, and his sisters who thought he might become a famous inventor. John himself thought, "I would like best to be a physician." He knew it would require a good deal of money for the education needed to be a physician, so he planned to go to some factory or machine shop. He might make enough money there to support himself while he was studying.

Mr. Muir had never encouraged John to think he had a bright mind, so the young man had little faith in himself, though the neighbors were sure that he was a genius. One day he happened to speak to one of these friends of his wish to get work in a machine shop. The man gave him good advice.

"Take some of your inventions to the State Fair," he told him. "As soon as people see them, you may be sure of getting into any

shop in the country, for they are out and out original."

Soon afterwards John told his father that he was about to venture out into the world.

"If I should be in need of money," he asked, "will you send me a little?"

"No," replied his father. "Depend entirely on yourself."

It was of no use to say more. The young man, however, had the sovereign which his grandfather had given him when he left Scotland. He also had ten dollars which he had earned by raising wheat on what his father had considered a useless piece of ground. With this small sum of money and a queer-looking bundle containing two clocks and the odd thermometer he had invented, he started out on his journey.

A ride of nine miles brought him to the village where he was to take the train. There he stayed overnight at an inn. His queer bundle of inventions excited the wonder of the landlord and the other villagers.

The next morning he stood on the platform at the railroad station, waiting for the train to arrive. He had not been near a railroad

since his arrival in Wisconsin. "Wonderful!" he thought, as the train thundered along the track and came to a standstill before him. The conductor was instantly interested in John and his inventions, and through his kindness the young man was allowed to ride in the engine and watch the workings of the machinery.

The moments of that strange and glorious ride flew by quickly, and John soon found himself at Madison where the State Fair was being held. When he reached the gate, the keeper, who had already caught sight of the clocks and thermometer, cried:

"Oh! you don't need a ticket. Come right in."

He was now directed to the Hall of Fine Arts, but when he arrived at the grand-looking building he became frightened.

"Exhibit the simple wooden things I have made, here?" he asked himself. "It canna be."

But when he opened his bundle and showed his inventions to the gentleman in charge, his heart was quickly made light again.

"Why, they are wonderfully beautiful and

novel," he was told. "They will probably be more interesting than anything else at the Fair."

The gentleman's words came true. Nothing else in the exhibit attracted so much attention. Articles were written about them in the Madison papers, and these were copied by other papers in the East. Standing in the crowd of sightseers at the Fair, the young inventor could not help hearing many words of praise, but he took care not to read the articles written about him in the papers. He was afraid that the praise given him there would make him proud.

At the close of the Fair he received a diploma, as well as a prize of about ten dollars in money. He could hardly believe in this sudden good fortune.

During the Fair, young Muir met a man who had invented an ice-boat.

"Come with me," he said to John. "I will give you work in my machine shop at Prairie du Chien." This seemed, at first, a good offer, but after young Muir had worked for the man a short time, he found he was gaining little knowledge. He left the machine shop

and did odd jobs for his board, having time enough besides to study drawing, geometry, and physics.

He was not making much headway towards the education of which he dreamed, — a training at the State University. Therefore, after a few months, he went back to Madison where he earned a little money by making and selling bedsteads that could be set by machinery so as to force the sleepers on to their feet in the morning. During this time also he earned his board by doing odd jobs. But he kept wondering how he could win entrance into the beautiful university with its lawns and lakes and its body of happy students. The question was answered one day by a student there.

"It is easy enough to get an education at the university," the student told him. "Little money is needed except for your board, and if you live on bread and milk, you can get enough food for a week for one dollar."

The way was clear. Young Muir felt sure he could earn enough money to support himself while he was going on with his studies, and was soon numbered among the students

at the university. Four wonderful years went by. Spare hours were spent in teaching school, and during the long summer vacations there was always work to be had in the harvest fields.

John Muir did not work for a diploma because, if he followed the regular course, he could not spend as much time on the studies for which his mind was best fitted. Even now he still worked on new inventions. One of these was a desk on which his books would arrange themselves in the proper position for him to study. Another was a bed that would not only set him on his feet at the hour for rising, but would light a lamp on dark winter mornings.

During his college life, the young man found himself loving nature more and more deeply. He often wandered off into the country to study the rocks and trees and flowers. When the university life came to an end, and the last good-by was said, John Muir's eyes were wet with tears and his heart ached at the parting. Yet there was a great pleasure before him: he had managed to save a little money, and with this to buy

needed food, he started on a tramp around the Great Lakes.

When his money was spent, the young man was obliged to seek work on a farm. After a short time he left the farm to make rakes and brooms in a mill, where he invented a machine by which the tools could be made much more quickly than before. Next, he went to a carriage factory, where he met with an accident that made him blind in one eye for several weeks.

This accident filled young Muir with sadness. He had to stay in a dark room and was unable to read. Worse than this was the thought that he might never again be able to enjoy the treasures of fields and woods. The idea was a fearful one. If only sight should be restored!

"In that case," thought the sufferer, "I will devote myself to a study of the wonders God has given us."

At last there came a happy day when he was free to go out into the sunlight; and now, with a gay heart, the young pilgrim began a long tramp southward. He had no luggage except a bundle which he carried on his back.

In this bundle was a change of clothes, a plant press, a Bible, the poems of Robert Burns, and Milton's *Paradise Lost.* On walked the traveler till he reached Florida. During the whole journey, the young man generally slept on the ground and always ate the simplest food.

After enjoying the beauty of Florida for a while, young Muir sailed to Cuba. Here he was seized with a fever which had doubtless been brought on by sleeping in damp woods. He saw that he must seek a drier climate; but where should he go? He thought of the far western country of the United States and decided that he would explore its mountains and valleys.

In the year 1868 John Muir arrived in San Francisco, but he had little interest in cities for they are made by men. He was anxious to get out into "God's country" as soon as possible.

Soon after he stepped foot on the shore of California he asked a man whom he met in the street, "What is the nearest way out of town?"

"Where do you want to go?" said the stranger.

"To any place that is wild," replied Mr. Muir.

The man must have been astonished at the answer. Nevertheless, he gave the needed directions. He said: "You had better go down to Oakland Ferry. From there you can travel eastward toward our mountains." The pilgrim accordingly made his way to Oakland Ferry, and after crossing over, he and another young man with whom he had got acquainted started on a delightful journey towards the lofty Sierra Mountains.

At last they reached a steep, rugged cañon whose lofty sides shut them in from the rest of the world. Trails which had been blazed along the way were now covered with snow. If the travelers should lose themselves here in this wild and dangerous country, they might easily starve; or if an accident should overtake them, there would be no one near to give help. But they were too happy to think of fear.

After several exciting adventures, the glorious Yosemite was reached. The clear air was strength-giving; the birds sang songs of welcome; flowers nodded their dainty

heads; graceful hares and antelopes darted here and there among the trees. John Muir's heart leaped for joy.

"The rest of my life shall not be spent on my own inventions," he said to himself. "It shall be given to a study of the inventions of God."

This nature lover had little money however, and though he could live on fifty cents a week, even that small sum must be earned in some way. So it came about that when he went to the Yosemite the next summer, he helped a shepherd tend his flocks in the mountains. After that, having noticed that many trees in the wilderness were felled by the storms, he built a sawmill on one of the slopes and set it to work. While the mill was cutting up the big logs the young man could sketch the country round about him, stopping only when it was necessary to feed the mill.

When it was good weather he slept on a bed of fir boughs, with the clear sky and its millions of lights overhead. But when storms raged he needed shelter, not only for himself but for his books and papers, and the rare specimens he collected in the wilderness around him.

For this reason he built a hut on a jutting crag high over the water wheel of his sawmill. In this little den he kept the cones and rare plants which he gathered, the sketches he made, and the notes he wrote about his discoveries. Neither men nor animals were likely to trouble him here, because the only way to reach the hut was by climbing a long, narrow ladder.

When John Muir afterwards became famous, Emerson, Roosevelt, and other great men visited him in his wild home. Year after year this great lover of God's free blessings spent nearly all of his time in the Yosemite, making interesting discoveries; he studied the wonderful trees of California, the strange plants, and the rocks which had been worn away in past ages. He learned much about the creatures of the mountains and forests, from the big, clumsy bear to the grasshopper jumping with glee in the sunlight. It grieved this nature lover to hurt anything alive. He once said, "There is one thing that I hate with a perfect hatred, — cruelty for anything or anybody."

During Mr. Muir's life in the Yosemite he

went from time to time down to the "bread line," as he called the nearest town. He had two reasons for going there. First, he must buy food; though if he had chosen, he could have satisfied his hunger by catching fish in the streams or hunting game in the forests. But he felt so tender towards all living creatures that he could not even consider such things.

In the second place, he wished to receive letters from his friends. Though he was never lonely in the wilderness, he loved these dear friends. He once said: "When I was in college I nearly starved; I lived on fifty cents a week, and used to count the crackers and jealously watch the candles, but I didn't mind after I got in here, — no bell that rang meant *me*, I was free to go and come, and here were things that were bread and meat to me, — things to fatten my soul, and all as free as the air. Ah! but I've had a blessed time in here. But I did wish the ravens would come and feed me so that I could keep at my studies."

In this wild life Mr. Muir had many exciting adventures. With no one near to bring

help in case of accident, he climbed up the sides of dangerous cliffs and made his way over snow and ice; he braved hurricanes, — yes, and even an earthquake.

When he left his Wisconsin home, you will remember that he had a ride in an engine, which was most exciting to the country lad. But what would that be beside a ride on an avalanche? This was what really happened once to Mr. Muir in the Yosemite. There had been a big storm, and the mountain slopes were covered with a heavy garment of newly fallen snow.

"The country round about must be a glorious sight from the mountain summits above," thought Mr. Muir. So he decided to climb up the side of a near-by cañon, over three thousand feet high, and with the snow loosely as well as deeply packed.

"A tramp of three or four hours will surely bring me to the top of the ridge," decided the traveler, and he boldly started out. He soon discovered he had guessed wrongly. At nearly every step he sank to his waist. Sometimes a plunge would leave only his head above the surface. Still he kept on.

"I can at least reach the summit in time to see the sunset," thought the brave man after many hours of plodding. "The beautiful light shining on the snow-covered peaks and valleys will repay me for my struggle."

His wish was not gratified, however, but in its stead he had a delightful and unexpected surprise. Suddenly all beneath him gave way. He had barely time to realize what had happened, — he had started an avalanche. Instantly he flung himself on his back and spread out his arms to keep himself from sinking. Then, with a mighty rush, he felt himself being tossed about on the back of the snow monster as it swept down, down, down, to the valley below.

At the end of a minute the strange and wonderful ride was over, and Mr. Muir found himself lying unharmed on the top of an immense mass of snow. The traveler afterwards said of it, "Elijah's flight in a chariot of fire could hardly have been more exciting."

Sometime afterwards, Mr. Muir had another exciting experience in the Yosemite. One morning, at about half-past one o'clock, he

was suddenly awakened. The moon was shining brightly. There was no sound except a soft rumbling underground and the rustling of branches on the trees about the little cabin. Mr. Muir knew at once what was the matter.

He sprang to his feet and rushed out of the hut, crying, "A noble earthquake! a noble earthquake!" Was he not fearful for one little moment, you wonder — alone in that great wilderness? No! His one idea was that nature was about to teach him a new and wonderful lesson. And then, with the earth shaking beneath his feet, the air was filled with a mighty roar, as an immense cliff a half-mile away was torn asunder.

Down into the valley below it crashed, a mass of thousands of small bowlders. As it traveled, it seemed a rainbow of glowing fire. The man who watched it tried afterwards to describe the wonderful sound that filled his ears. He said that if all the thunder of all the streams he had ever heard were condensed into one roar, it would not equal this rock-roar. The shocks had not entirely stopped when the listener hurried up the valley and climbed upon the fallen bowlders.

They had not yet settled into their new places, and were still grating against each other as though scolding at having been disturbed in their cliff home. The air was still filled with the dust of falling earth. Through it, however, the explorer could see not far away the beautiful Yosemite Fall shining in the moonlight; it had been unharmed by the earthquake.

Mr. Muir had hastened to this place of danger because he wished to settle what he had asked himself long ago — how had bowlders lying at the foot of other cliffs found their way there? He could now answer: They had fallen during earthquake storms such as he had just been watching.

Mr. Muir made another great discovery in the Yosemite. This was that the gorges and cañons had been made by the work of mighty glaciers. Many ages must have passed since the great ice-rivers had done their work; but there was no doubt that they had once worn their way through this part of the country, grinding against the rocks and slowly but surely wearing deep cañons between lofty cliffs.

As years went by, Mr. Muir left his home among the Sierras to make journeys to other parts of the world. He went to Alaska, where he discovered the Muir Glacier. He traveled to Norway and Switzerland to study the work of glaciers there; he made a visit to South America; he joined an expedition to the far north, in search of the lost ship *Jeannette*.

During this voyage he sailed along the shores of Behring Sea, going as far as Siberia. His chief interest there was to study the work of glaciers. In the midst of many wonderful scenes, however, he never lost his love for the beautiful Yosemite Valley and was glad to return there.

When Mr. Muir first went to California, there were great stretches of land in the western country where there were no white settlers. But as time passed by, more and more people moved out into the wilderness. Then the question arose as to whether they should be allowed to buy any of the still unsettled lands which they might choose.

John Muir became much troubled over the matter. "It would be sad, indeed," he thought, "if this beautiful country with

its falls and streams and flower-bedecked valleys should be cut up into house lots. No! The United States should always have breathing spaces for her people where they can wander as freely as the wild creatures of the forest, and feast their eyes on the beauties God has given so abundantly."

Many people did not agree with Mr. Muir. Land stood in their eyes for money only, and they thought it would be a loss to this country to reserve thousands of acres for the pleasure of visitors. The devoted nature lover wrote and talked much on this subject for ten long years. At last the government followed his advice, and in 1890 a national reserve was made about the Yosemite. This came about largely through the persevering work of John Muir.

In 1879 this great naturalist married a Polish lady, Miss Louise Strentzel. Mr. Muir spent much of the time for the next few years with his wife in a lovely valley of central California. The house in which they lived was large and comfortable. They had a vineyard and many fruit trees. Two little daughters were born there.

STANFORD SOCIAL EDUCATION
INVESTIGATION

Mr. Muir was very happy in this home; he enjoyed the company of his wife and children; in his cheerful study he wrote books and articles for magazines, and he edited a newspaper. Yet there was for him but one *home*, and that was the one Dame Nature had given him years ago among his loved mountains.

He often returned to the Yosemite during the rest of his life, for his greatest delight was in the world as God gave it to men. Happy and contented, studying nature without worry or hurry, Mr. Muir lived on to the good old age of seventy-five.

One December day in the year 1914, the busy man's work was finished. He had lived a beautiful life and had been a very happy man. But what did he do for America? He has helped us to know God better through His wonderful works. He has noted many things in the lives of plants and animals hitherto unknown by men. He has written accounts of his discoveries, which have added to the knowledge and pleasure of wise, as well as ignorant, people. He has taught us to look more tenderly upon all things and creatures in the world. Perhaps his most

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

JOHN MUIR.

valuable work was the gaining of a great national park which should be free to the poorest citizen of this United States.

Before John Muir's busy life ended, several American colleges honored him with degrees; he was made a member of noted clubs and scientific societies; wise men of different countries sought to know him, and great men were proud to call him friend. And when he died, he left the people of this country deeply grateful for the advantages and new knowledge which had come to them through the life of John Muir, the "Philosopher of the Yosemite."

JACOB RIIS

A PILGRIM FROM DENMARK

Though Denmark is one of the smallest countries of Europe, many brave pilgrims have sailed from its shores to make their homes in distant lands. Such a pilgrim was Jacob Riis, who came to the United States to become one of its noblest friends and helpers.

Let us visit him in his childhood home in the little town of Ribe, on the northern coast of Denmark. It is a quaint old place, with narrow streets paved with cobblestones. Overhead, dingy lanterns hang on iron chains that creak as the wind comes blowing in from the sea. During the evening the whale oil burning in the lanterns gives a light so dim that those walking along the streets can barely see their way. Through the long dark night a town crier goes up and down, calling the hours in a loud voice. The houses are roofed with red tiles, while here and there

among the chimney tops we can see the nests of long-legged storks.

It was in such a red-tiled home, with a stork's nest in the chimney top, that Jacob Riis was born on the third of May, 1849.

When Jacob first opened his eyes, he found two brothers ready to welcome him. In course of time his parents had eleven more children to care for, — ten of them boys. As if the dear mother did not have cares enough, she took into her home and heart the girl child of her dead sister, to be the playmate of her little daughter.

Jacob's father was headmaster of the Latin School. His salary was small, so it was a constant problem to provide enough food for the big family of children who were ever as hungry as young robins.

Little Jacob had a stout, sturdy body, and he loved play so dearly that when the time came for him to go to school, he did not like the idea. Nevertheless, his father and mother said, "To school you must go." And after he was ready, the housemaid took him by the hand and dragged him down the street to the place he dreaded.

If there had been a sweet-voiced young teacher ready to receive him with a smile and kind words, the little boy's fear might have vanished. But alas! the schoolmistress into whose charge he was given was old and cross. "This new pupil must be mastered at once," she thought. "When he knows that he must obey the rules of the school, there will be no more trouble."

With this belief, she seized the frightened, struggling child, and carrying him to an empty hogshead outside of the door, pushed him into it and put on the cover. Then, placing her mouth at the bunghole and showing her ugly yellow teeth, she called out to him, "This is the way that bad boys are treated here."

Poor little Jacob! his misery was not over yet, for when recess came, this same cruel teacher led the boy out to a near-by pigpen and pointed to a pig with a slit in his ear. "Look," she said, "that slit came from being lazy."

As she spoke, she held up a big pair of shears before Jacob's eyes. "Boys are not any better than pigs," she continued, "and

some are even worse. Then they can know what to expect," and she opened and shut the shears angrily. With such a start as that, it is not strange that Jacob hated school.

"I will never be a teacher," he said to himself, though one of his father's dearest wishes was that this son should grow up to be a master in the Latin School. Jacob, however, was fond of reading, and no stories were so dear to him as the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, who was himself a Dane. One of these fairy tales, in particular, deeply touched the heart of little Jacob. It was about the Christmas Tree that was so tiny the hare jumped over it.

How Jacob loved Christmas! No other holiday seemed so beautiful and perfect. All his life he tried to bring as much of the Christmas joy as possible to children. In Denmark the Christmas festival lasts a whole week. No school, no hard tasks, from the eve of the greatest day in the whole year till after New Year's Day! For days and weeks beforehand the children looked forward to the coming of the "Holy Eve."

Then it was that Jacob's father gathered

his family together and went with them to the cathedral, where tens of dozens of tall wax candles shed a soft light over all. There the little boy joined with the crowd of people in singing Christmas songs about the infant Jesus and his birth in a manger on that far-off day which now seemed very, very near to the child.

Christmas day brought its gifts and frolics, as did the next day and the next, and so on till the festival week came to an end, with long sighs from Jacob because he must wait nearly a whole year before the glad time should come again.

When Jacob was only a little fellow, it troubled him to know that others were poor and needy and that children like himself were brought up in dirty and untidy places. He was about twelve years old when he took his first step towards helping such children. There was a certain tenement house on the outskirts of the town, which the boys named "Rag Hall." The people who lived there were poor and shiftless. Jacob did not like the idea of there being such a place as Rag Hall.

Christmas Eve came, and with it the gift of a silver coin worth about twenty-five cents in American money. Jacob decided at once how to use this sum which to him seemed large. He went to the poorest family in Rag Hall and gave his money to the father. "But this is on the condition that you clean up your tenement," he told the man. "Also you must tidy up the children." A queer look came into the man's face. Perhaps he felt ashamed. He took the money, though he afterwards went to Jacob's house to ask if it were all right for him to receive it. This led the boy's mother to take an interest in the family; through her the place was put in order and the dirty children were made much cleaner.

Long flat meadows stretched for miles around Jacob's home. In the summer the wide pastures of green grass looked very beautiful to the little boy. It made him feel free and happy to look off, off, over the meadows to the blue sea beyond. At such times the world seemed vast and wonderful, and Jacob was filled with a longing to go out into it in search of adventures.

In whatever direction he turned his eyes, there was only one hill to be seen, and that was down near the shore. It was called Castle Hill because long years ago, when brave Vikings sailed away from Ribe in their high-prowed ships and the fighting kings of Denmark had their home in Ribe, a noble fortress stood on that height. When Jacob was born, there was nothing left of the fortress save only the moats at the foot of the hill. In the long-ago, ships sailed into the moats from the ocean outside. Now, however, the moats were filled with tall water reeds which swayed constantly as the ocean breezes swept over them.

Here Jacob and his boy friends spent many happy hours playing. Hiding from each other among the reeds, they pretended to hunt the creatures of the jungle. Again and again they pictured for themselves the dangers of sudden surprise from wild animals. Sometimes, when the boys were tired of this sport, they would lie quietly among the tall grasses and tell each other stories of the old Vikings, or of the wonderful lands beyond their own country, where the people

sent messages to each other by flashes across a wire, and traveled in boats and cars moved by the power of steam. What if the older people in Ribe shook their heads at the inventions of other lands! What if they were satisfied to light fires by striking the flint in their tinder boxes! And what if they wrote their letters with quills made from goose feathers! Jacob, for his part, and other young folks like him, were interested in the new ways that crept very slowly into little, old-fashioned Ribe.

As boys like excitement, Jacob must have been glad when the strong northwest winds began to blow. Then the sea came sweeping in over the land, covering the low meadows with water. There must be quick work now for both men and boys, as they hurried out to drive the cattle into safe shelter. At such times partridges and hares, usually shy, came hurrying from the lowlands to the roadways. Hundreds of field mice scampered after them. Foxes were driven in fright from their dens and appeared among the fleeing throng of wild creatures.

Sometimes the inrush of the sea came during

the night. Then Jacob, lying in his snug bed, would be suddenly awakened by the watchman as he shouted the alarm through the streets. The boy's heart would leap at the sound.

More than once the flood came in so fast that sheep and cattle were drowned before they could be brought back to safety. At such times Jacob watched for the mailcoach making its way into Ribe. The driver managed to remain on the causeway by means of white posts on either side, but the road itself was deep in water, and the horses were scarcely able to keep on their feet as they plunged madly along.

Sometimes the tide rushed into the very streets of the town, where Jacob and his playmates could now fish to their hearts' content, though the strong wind brought many a tile flying down about their heads from the roofs above. The dodging of the tiles, however, only added to the sport.

When Jacob was fifteen, he did not like school much better than on that first day when the ugly teacher shut him up in the hogshead. It was now time to decide what should be his work in life.

"I want to learn the trade of a carpenter," he told his father. The good man was greatly disappointed to hear this because, as the headmaster of the Latin School, he belonged to the best society of Ribe.

And now Jacob wished to be only a carpenter, when he might just as well be a Latin teacher! It was too bad! "Still, if the boy's heart is set on learning a trade," thought his father, "it would be foolish to try to force him into what he would not enjoy. Moreover, there is a good carpenter in town. My son shall be apprenticed to him for a year, and by that time the charm of the chisel and adze may wear off." Accordingly, the good man made a bargain with the carpenter, and the boy began to learn his trade.

While Jacob was still in school, he had not cared much for girls. There was one named Elizabeth whom the other boys liked very much. She had golden curls and long lashes over beautiful eyes, and a pretty little figure. She was so graceful that Jacob often heard his playmates offering marbles and brass buttons to each other for a promised

dance with the lovely Elizabeth at the dancing school. He could not understand why boys could be so interested in one particular girl. "Pooh!" he thought, "girls are just *girls*, and not one of them is worth a brass button."

It happened that Elizabeth lived on the the other side of the Nibs River, which ran through the town and out to the sea. She had been adopted by a rich aunt and uncle, and her home was so grand that people spoke of it as "The Castle."

Soon after Jacob began to learn his trade he was given work in the factory owned by Elizabeth's rich father. Then came a very important day in Jacob's life. At first it seemed like every other day. He went to work as usual, and at the usual time he shouldered his tools and started homeward over the bridge. But, as he set foot on the shaking boards, he saw at the other end a pretty little girl hurrying on her way to The Castle.

It was Elizabeth, with her golden curls tossing about her face, bronze shoes on her shapely feet, and a bundle of school-books

in one hand. She came nearer and nearer; the two passed, and the girl's merry eyes gave one roguish look upward. And then, then! Jacob's heart beat fast, and he understood why the other boys had been willing to trade marbles and brass buttons for one dance with Elizabeth. He had been whistling as he walked along; now he stood silent, watching for a last look. As Elizabeth reached the end of the bridge, she threw one laughing glance at the watcher and then passed onward.

After that meeting on the bridge, the thought of Elizabeth was mixed up in Jacob's mind with the ax and the adze. Why, one day he actually cut off one of his fingers when he was trying to work while Elizabeth was skipping about around the lumber.

The finger was put in place by a surgeon, but the joint was stiff for the rest of the young fellow's life. After that accident, the boy even fell off the roof of a house while he was trying to see the last of Elizabeth as she turned the corner of the street. In consequence, he had to carry his arm in a sling for a long time. But this pleased him.

Would not Elizabeth pity him and look upon him as a hero? With his arm still in the sling, he joined the dancing school to which she belonged and claimed the right to choose his partner before any one else because he was the biggest boy there.

He was awkward and clumsy, and Elizabeth seemed far from pleased at his choosing her. Besides, all the other boys and girls laughed at his boldness. What did he care? He had won Elizabeth, and that was enough.

By the time the dancing school came to an end, Jacob's father decided that the boy had better go to Copenhagen to learn more of his trade under a great builder in that city. An older brother was studying to be a physician in Copenhagen, and the third day after Jacob's arrival, he arranged to meet him at an art exhibition in the palace of Charlottenborg.

When the country lad arrived at the entrance of the grand building, he discovered that the stairs led up in two directions.

"Which is the one I should take?" he asked himself. As he stood there wondering,

a handsome gentleman in a blue overcoat came towards him.

"Can I help you?" asked the gentleman.

Jacob told him his trouble.

"I will show you the way to the art collection," the stranger said kindly, and Jacob, pleased to have a companion, talked freely as the two made their way up the stairs together.

The stranger asked many questions about Jacob's home and school, and why he had left Ribe; after answering them, Jacob praised the people of Copenhagen, saying they had been very kind to him since his arrival.

By this time the two had reached a door opening into the gallery. An attendant in red uniform standing there made a deep bow as Jacob and his noble-looking companion passed in. Jacob bowed in return, saying to his companion, "There, that is the way I have been treated everywhere."

The gentleman laughed heartily; at the same time he pointed to a door leading into the art gallery. "You will find your brother in there," he said. "Good-by." A moment afterwards Jacob was so busy looking

at the beautiful pictures in the gallery and talking of them to his brother, that the thought of the kind stranger passed out of his mind.

By and by, however, the two youths were tired and sat down to rest. Then Jacob spoke of his guide. At that very moment the gentleman appeared, looked toward Jacob, and smiled.

"There he is," said the boy, with an answering nod. But his brother jumped up and hurriedly made a deep bow. Then, as the gentleman moved away, he whispered: "You don't mean to say that he was your guide! Why, that was the King!"

Jacob could scarcely speak for astonishment. Up to this time kings had never seemed to him like real people. They belonged among fairies and other wonderful beings, and now, this very day, the Good King, as he was justly called by the Danish people, had been his companion. He was a fortunate youth indeed.

Jacob spent four years in Copenhagen. Within that time Elizabeth made several visits to the city. During her first visit

the boy called on her, but Elizabeth's father shortly afterwards made him understand that he was not to come again. The rich man thought, no doubt, that a poor carpenter was no fit company for a young girl who lived in a castle. Later on, Elizabeth came to Copenhagen to attend a fashionable school, and though Jacob was not allowed to visit her, he kept watch of her all the time.

Once she was ill. "I will send her flowers," thought the boy. As he had no spare money, he pawned his best trousers, and so got a dollar to spend for the flowers. Long afterwards he learned what happened to his gift: the young girl's friends teased her so much at receiving flowers from a carpenter that she threw them away.

The four years came to an end at last, and Jacob, after receiving a gold medal, and a certificate saying that he was a member of the guild of Copenhagen, hurried back to Ribe. When he had left the little town, every one knew that he loved Elizabeth and laughed at him. On his return, his mind had not changed; he was now determined to ask Elizabeth to marry him.

"Foolish fellow!" said the people, when they heard that Jacob had asked and had been refused. "Foolish fellow!" they repeated. "As if a poor working-man could expect to win the hand of a beautiful princess!"

Elizabeth was sorry for Jacob. Her eyes filled with tears as she told him that he had no chance; she pitied him so deeply that she let him kiss her hand as he left her. But even now he did not give up hope, though he decided to go far away from Ribe and the girl he loved.

One spring morning Jacob mounted the stagecoach which he had watched thundering over the causeway so many times in his boyhood. He was bound for America. With a last good-by to the dear mother who had come to see him off, he settled down for the long journey, carrying with him two things that were very precious, — Elizabeth's picture and a lock of her hair. Her mother, in pity, had given these to him. Whenever he might be sad or homesick, he felt he would get courage and strength from the thought of these possessions.

On Whitsunday, 1870, Jacob Riis sailed into New York Harbor, after a long, rough voyage. Heavy storms had swept the deck nearly all the time, but now the sun shone brightly, the air was clear, and the new world looked very beautiful to the young pilgrim.

Jacob doubtless gasped as he looked ahead at the great city with its many buildings reaching far upwards towards the sky.

What was waiting for the Danish youth? Surely he would fall upon some good fortune in a land so vast and wonderful as America! To tell the truth, he was already tired of his trade, and he hoped to find some new work which would enable him to climb the ladder of success more quickly.

In old Ribe, Jacob had read many stories of American Indians and buffaloes, and of white hunters with big revolvers and powerful horses. A wild country full of adventure, — this was the picture in the youth's mind as he started on his first walk through New York's busy streets. To his surprise, these streets were paved, and long rows of buildings shut out the sunlight. There was not an Indian or a buffalo in sight!

"Nevertheless, I must buy a revolver," Jacob said to himself, for an old Western gold-digger who had visited Ribe told him that all Americans carried revolvers. Without delay, therefore, the newcomer purchased a big revolver, though it took half the money he possessed. Strapping it on his back, he walked up Broadway, feeling that he now looked like a real American. Alas! he was soon stopped by a policeman. Tapping the revolver with his club, he said to Jacob: "You may get robbed if you carry that weapon. Better leave it at home."

He spoke pleasantly, for he had doubtless discovered that the young man was a stranger, and ignorant of the ways of American cities. He went on to explain that it would be best to put the revolver away. After Jacob had followed the policeman's advice, he went in search of the Danish consul, and another gentleman who had been wrecked on the coast of Denmark and saved by a friend of Jacob's father.

He had letters from home for these two men. "They will help me get a good position," Jacob thought hopefully. To his great dis-

appointment, he found that both gentlemen were in Europe.

"I can get something to do by my own trying," he now said to himself. He started out, going from one place to another. Over and over again he heard the same words, "We have no use for you." Four days went by. The small sum in the youth's pocket was almost spent, while hope of work in the city was fast fading.

Jacob now went back to Castle Garden where he had landed. He found a missionary who was getting a band of men together to go out to Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny River. There were iron mines there, and men were needed. As the fare to Brady's Bend would be paid by the company of the iron works, Jacob agreed to go and was soon on his way with a group of other immigrants. In the company was a big German named Adler with whom the young Dane soon became friends.

When Jacob reached Brady's Bend, he was set to work building huts for the miners. During the day he had no time to be homesick; but when evening came,

and he went to the cheerless boarding-house, pictures came into his mind of the cheerful and cozy home in Ribe with the busy mother bustling about and serving her dear ones.

As the maid washed the dishes afterwards, she kept singing, "The letter that never came." This seemed the last straw, for up to this time Jacob had not heard from his family. Outdoors it was almost as bad; the homesick youth felt as though he were in prison when he looked off towards the hills that shut him in on all sides.

The thought of dear old Ribe with its wide-stretching meadows and long sunsets made the young fellow sadder than ever. At such times it seemed as though he could not stay in America.

After Jacob had worked for some time at his trade, he had a chance to try mining. So, one morning, Jacob and his friend Adler started forth with their pickaxes, and lamps fixed in their hats, to dig coal out of the mountain side. They made their way into a dark cavern in the earth. Water dripped down upon them from the walls overhead; their

feet kept striking against jagged rocks which lay in their path.

At last they reached a coal chamber where they set to work, down on their knees, digging out the coal with their pickaxes. It was a damp, gloomy place, and the work itself was harder than they had dreamed. Time never seemed to pass so slowly. At last, when in the late afternoon a large stone fell from the roof and the two workers barely escaped being killed by it, they decided that mining was not to their taste.

"Never again," thought young Riis, "will I try the life of a miner." Once more he went back to his carpentering and worked at his trade till midsummer. Then word came to the little mining town that France and Prussia were about to engage in war, and Denmark, who had a bitter grudge against Prussia, would probably take the part of France.

When Jacob heard the news, one thought seized him: he would go home to fight for his country. Perhaps he would win honor as a soldier, and then Elizabeth — who could tell what might happen? He rushed to the

office of the mining company to give notice, then on to his boarding-house to pack his trunk.

With this on his back, he started for the railroad station from which a train would shortly leave for the East. Our pilgrim did not have money enough to pay his way farther than Buffalo, but he knew that there were many Frenchmen there. "No doubt," thought he, "they will speed me on my way." Jacob's hopes failed him in Buffalo, and he was obliged to pawn his trunk to get money for the rest of the journey. He reached New York with one cent.

"Ah, but here I will find the Danish consul and many French people," he thought. "Without doubt, the French in the city will be fitting out troops to cross the ocean."

Again Jacob's hopes had a sad fall. The Danish consul could only take his name as ready to go to Denmark if he were needed, while no volunteer troops were being mustered by the French.

That night Jacob walked the streets, wondering what to do next. He was alone and penniless. In his hand he carried a bag

containing all the clothing he now owned — a linen duster and a pair of socks. Before morning came, the young man had made up his mind what to do: he would seek work in the country.

Turning his back on the hateful city, he trudged mile after mile. When he was too tired to go farther, he crept into a milk-wagon standing on the roadside and was soon fast asleep. Before daybreak, however, the driver appeared; quickly discovering Jacob and thinking him a common tramp, he threw him out of the wagon.

Again the poor fellow tramped on. At noon he reached the beautiful grounds of Fordham College, which he entered, too tired and faint to think of a reason for doing so. A kind monk came towards him and said tenderly, "Are you not hungry?" Jacob, proud though he was, was too weak to say no, and a good meal was soon set before him.

He left the college grounds, filled with gratitude to the good monk who had given so freely and kindly to a stranger. That night he found work with a truck farmer

who hired him to hoe cucumbers for the next three days. After this Jacob went from one place to another, earning scarcely enough money to buy food. At night he slept in the fields. How different it was in the homeland across the water! If he were only there, how happy he would be!

"Perhaps," thought the homesick youth, "there may yet be a chance for volunteers to be sent from New York. I had better go back."

Once more, after a two days' tramp in the rain, Jacob arrived in the great city where he read in a paper, the *New York Sun*, that a French regiment was being fitted out. Without a thought of what a sorry-looking figure he was in his bedraggled clothes, he sought the noted editor of the paper, Mr. Charles A. Dana. When young Riis told his errand, that great man shook his head.

"Sometimes," he said smiling, "editors do not know all that is printed in their papers." Then, looking sharply at Jacob, he asked if he had had any breakfast. Offering him a dollar, he advised him to give up the war. Hungry and penniless as he was, Jacob proudly spurned the money.

"I came here to enlist, not to beg money for breakfast," he said, and dashed out of the office, though the very word breakfast had made him hungrier than ever. He knew that he must eat; so, making his way to a pawnshop, he gave the man his top-boots in return for a dollar, and this was soon exchanged for a good dinner and a ticket that would carry him some distance from the city.

Hard times continued to befall young Riis. He worked for a few days in a clay pit, where he was ill-treated and sent away without any pay. That night he slept on a stone slab in a graveyard, which made a warmer and more comfortable bed, he thought, than the damp grass. Then came six weeks in a brickyard where the young man carted clay. It was an easy job, but the pay was so small that Jacob could not save much towards passage home, and he was too proud to write to his parents for help.

"Perhaps," he thought, "a regiment of French volunteers will yet leave this country." And when one evening he read that such a regiment was really about to start, he hurried again to New York. Alas! he was

much too late, for when he reached the city, he found that the regiment had already sailed. He now tried to get a chance to work his passage, willing even to be a stoker if he might get to the other side of the great Atlantic.

But one failure followed another, so once more he sought work in the city. Day after day he walked the streets, trying to forget the hunger that gnawed at his stomach, and always looking for something, anything, to do. At night he slept in empty ash bins, or perhaps in some deep doorway. He made the acquaintance of other men who were wandering about the city like himself, without work, homeless, hungry, penniless.

There were bright spots even in those sad weeks, for Jacob's evening walks took him past the kitchen window of a big restaurant. There was a good-natured French cook in that kitchen, and when he saw Jacob's hungry face looking longingly at the piles of good things inside, he would hand out rolls and meat bones to the waif.

Could Jacob, proud as he was, even though near starving, accept the food, you may

wonder. Yes, and with good grace. "The French owe me a living," he thought. "At least, I have tried to help them." But winter was fast coming on, and such a life as this could not continue when the weather got much colder. Then came a night when the rain fell hard, and the cold clutched at the very heart of the poor young fellow. He sat upon a wall above the North River, listening to the roll of the water as it struck against the wharf. His clothes were drenched; he had had no supper; he was alone in a strange land. Why should he struggle any longer? How easy it would be to end it all! The thought made him move nearer the edge of the dark stream. Suppose — for an answer there came a soft whine. At the same time a live, loving *something* pushed itself against his side.

It was only a homeless little dog which had made friends with Jacob during one of his many lonesome nights, and had followed him ever since. Jacob took a long breath. His body was still cold and wet and hungry, but his heart was no longer frozen. Taking the little cur in his arms, he left the lonely

river and went back to the streets and the crowds. A dog had saved his life that he might yet save the lives of thousands of human beings. But this is getting ahead of our story.

The rain fell hard and fast as young Riis, with his dog friend behind him, kept on his walk through the streets. Twelve o'clock struck. "I must get shelter of some kind," thought the wanderer. "I would perish if I stayed out in this storm all night."

But he could think of only one place where a man without money could get shelter. This was the police station, where even tramps were allowed to spend the night. Jacob sadly made his way to the station and asked if he might sleep in the free lodging room.

"Yes," said the sergeant. But when he discovered the little dog stowed away under the young man's thin coat, he added, "You must leave that cur outside."

There was no help for it. Leaving his poor little friend on the stoop, Jacob entered the station house and was shown into the big bare lodging room already packed with a crowd of low, filthy tramps.

Stretching himself out among them on a plank, he fell asleep. Towards morning he waked up with a start, having a dim notion that he had lost something. He stretched his hand under his shirt to see if the gold locket containing a certain yellow curl was safe. It was gone! One of those wretched tramps must have stolen it while he was asleep. Springing up, he rushed to the sergeant and cried, "I have been robbed of my gold locket."

The sergeant only scowled. "H'm! how did you, a tramp boy, come by a gold locket?" he said scornfully.

Jacob answered hotly, and the sergeant, calling the doorman, ordered him to put the boy out. A moment afterwards Jacob was being kicked through the doorway outside which a shivering little dog had lain patiently waiting for his coming. It sprang up as he saw how its friend was being treated and leaped upon the doorman, biting him in the leg.

A moment afterwards, a dead dog was lying at Jacob's feet; the doorman had beaten its life out against the stone steps. The

sight made Jacob lose all sense, and he acted like a madman. Rushing to the gutter, he picked up stones which he hurled at the windows of the station house. The sergeant, who now felt that he had gone too far, called two policemen.

"Take the fellow away," he ordered, and Jacob was led down the street to the ferry.

"Only to get away from the hateful city!" thought the young man. Turning to the ferryman, he said: "I have no money, but if you will let me cross the river with you, I will give you this." He handed the man a silk handkerchief, the only thing he now owned that was worth offering.

When the short ride was over, Jacob had decided what to do next. He would make his way to Philadelphia where he had relatives. Up to this time he had been too proud to ask their help, but now he saw that he must swallow his pride.

After a four days' hard tramp, the wanderer found himself in the "City of Brotherly Love." And then came kind friends, good food, and rest for the worn-out body. As soon as Jacob was strong enough, his friends

sent him to western New York, where he boarded with one of their old schoolmates and cut down trees for a living. It was a happy winter, for Jacob was young and brave.

"Everything will come out as I wish," he believed, and in his day-dreams he pictured himself meeting with success after success, even to the winning of the young princess Elizabeth. Spring came, and though work gave out, the young man was still happy. The kind people with whom he had been living went away, but he was allowed to remain in the house.

Though he still found no place where he could get work, he managed to support himself by hunting the wild creatures in the country around him. He caught many a rabbit and squirrel; better still, he trapped a great number of muskrats, whose skins he sold for twenty cents apiece.

Jacob's housekeeping gave him a good deal of fun. His cooking must have been quite wonderful. Long afterwards he wrote a description of the first omelet he made; it was made of apple sauce, strawberry jam,

raisins, bacon, and milk. Baking powder was added to this remarkable mixture to make the omelet light; but strange to say, the baking powder did not do the work expected of it. The omelet was as heavy as lead! Jacob soon got tired of his lonely housekeeping, and the longing to seek adventure seized him once more.

Without knowing it young Riis had been a soldier ever since his arrival in the United States. He had had many battles already; and there were many more to come. After leaving Jamestown, he found work as the "hired man" of a physician. He learned how to milk a cow; he planted the garden; between times he helped the physician's son with his Greek lessons.

The doctor's quiet home soon became tiresome, and once more the young man sought city life. He went to Buffalo where he worked first in a lumber yard and then in the factory of a cabinet maker. Failing to get his pay, he got a job in a planing mill. Again he was treated badly. Then came work on a new railroad outside of Buffalo, but it was too hard; Jacob did not have

strength to keep on. He went away, much discouraged. But there came a bit of a sunrise in Jacob's sky when, after a fifty-mile walk without stopping or eating, he got a steady job with a shipbuilder. During the winter at the shipyard, he decided on his life work.

"I will be a reporter," he said. "No one can do as much, and for so many people, as a writer for the newspapers. He has a chance to tell thousands of people about the wrong things that are taking place. Not only this, he can wake up his readers to the need of doing away with those wrongs."

After some months of shipbuilding, the young man got a position as salesman. He went about the country, selling first furniture, then flatirons. This work brought him so much money that he was able to start a bank account. Then came a bad turn in the business, after which young Riis was seized with a fever. While weak and suffering, the young fellow got news from home: Elizabeth was soon to marry a young lieutenant.

He had been lonely and sad before. Now

he did not care to get well. The fever clutched him harder than ever, burning so fiercely that for weeks the sick man did not know what was going on about him. At last the fever left him, and his strength slowly returned; and after a while, he became strong enough to go once more "on the road" selling flatirons.

He gradually drifted back again to New York, where he decided to learn telegraphy. He could sell his goods during the morning and study in the afternoon. One day, as he glanced over the morning paper, he saw an advertisement which interested him. A city editor was wanted for a Long Island paper. Jacob had always enjoyed writing and had, as we know, dreamed of becoming a reporter.

He went at once in search of the position and secured it at a salary of eight dollars a week. He was soon hard at work writing newspaper articles and at the same time making discoveries. In the first place, it was a poor sort of a paper; in the second, it always seemed in trouble. In fact, it was an everyday matter for the editor-in-chief

to get a thrashing. Once it was given him by a coachman, whom he had angered by something he had printed in his paper. At another time, he was knocked down the stairs by his washwoman, because he failed to pay his bill.

"This is no place for me," thought Jacob, when he could not get his own pay at the end of two weeks, and he left the Long Island paper. He was a wanderer again. Ah! but he had a loving comrade, a big Newfoundland pup, Bob, whose tail was always ready to wag in sympathy. Jacob, with Bob for company, spent the next four days trying to sell books. It was hard to find any one who cared to buy, so the poor fellow often went hungry.

One evening he sat down on a doorstep, tired and hungry after a day in which there had not been a single sale. Night was coming on, and there was not a cent in his pocket. Discouraged and hopeless, he sat thinking of the three long years he had spent in America without success. What was the use of trying any longer?

And then a cheery voice asked, "What

are you doing here?" It was the principal of the school where Jacob had studied telegraphy. And before he left, he told the young man of a place that was open for a reporter, the very thing Jacob would like above everything else in the world. More than this, he wrote a note for his friend to carry to the editor, asking him to hire Mr. Riis.

That night Jacob prayed earnestly. He was grateful to God for His love and care, and asked that he might be strong in the work for which he had longed, and which he believed was now ahead of him. Things had taken a turn for the better at last.

Early the next morning found Jacob Riis standing before an editor of the New York News Association. After a few questions and the reading of the note, the editor gave the young man a desk at which he was to do his writing. Then came an order: "Go to the Astor House to the lunch of the Old Guard going on there, and write a report of the lunch."

Jacob must have done good work with that report; half-starved as he was, the

sight and smell of the food probably stirred him to the utmost. At any rate, the editor was so well pleased that he offered young Riis a steady position with good pay, and the world began to look very bright. The road of the young reporter was not altogether smooth, but he managed to make his way over the bumps safely, and in the month of May, 1894, he obtained a still better position than that on Newspaper Row. He became editor of a paper in South Brooklyn at fifteen dollars a week.

The year afterwards he was not only the editor, but the owner of the newspaper. He had to pay the former owners six hundred and fifty dollars, and it required the hardest work to raise even so small a sum. But the young man was determined to succeed because there was new hope in his heart. Elizabeth's lover, so he heard, had died, and perhaps — perhaps, he might win her yet.

He wrote every word in the paper himself; he did all the reporting, all the editing and publishing; he worked day and night. Sometimes he slept on the printing-house counter to be sure of waking early enough in the

morning to collect boys to sell the newspapers. And when at last the day came that the paper was entirely paid for and had a big sale, what do you think Jacob Riis did? He sat down and wrote a letter to Elizabeth. He told her the story of his life in America, and of his unchanging love for her.

Many months went by without an answer. And then, when Mr. Riis was least expecting it, he found the longed-for letter on his desk. It showed him that Elizabeth was lonely as well as he, and that — well, if he would come for her some day, she would return to America with him as his wife. As Jacob read the letter, he was so happy that he laughed aloud. He had spent six long, hard years in America, but little did the young man care, now that the present was full of joy. Not long afterwards a telegram sped across the ocean to the little town of Ribe. It told that Jacob Riis was coming back to claim the girl he had always loved.

What a joyous home-coming that was! Jacob's mother wept for very happiness, and when his father read from the Holy Book,

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy," the good man himself broke down. As for the two lovers, it is not needful to tell of their happiness. The next few days were busy ones, for preparations had to be made for the wedding. It took place in the dear old cathedral, where both Elizabeth and Jacob had been baptized when babies. It was packed with the people of Ribe, for old and young wanted to see the young couple made man and wife.

Every one loved Elizabeth and wished to do something for her. Indeed, on the morning of the great day, many feeble old women, who had been made richer by the young girl's smiles, made their way to "The Castle" to carry flowers from the plants grown in their windows during the cold, dark winter. Such flowers the Danish people say have been "loved up." The fair bride wore some of them as she went to the altar that March day in old-fashioned Ribe.

When Jacob Riis landed in America for the second time, the new world seemed quite a different place from that day when he ex-

pected to find Indians and buffaloes close at hand. He knew what to expect and that busy days were ahead, for he was still a poor man. But now there was Elizabeth to cheer him, and Elizabeth to work for.

The two set up housekeeping in a modest little home and began to make experiments together in cooking. "I am not going to be left out here," thought the young husband. In fact, he took as much interest in his wife's cake-making as in his newspaper work. Wonderful cake it was sometimes, when it refused to rise and came out of the oven as solid as when it went in. And their first chicken! The longer it cooked, the tougher it became. What did it matter, after all, when Elizabeth looked only more rosy and beautiful for her vain efforts? Chicken was of little value beside the smiles of the charming young housekeeper.

Soon after Mr. Riis brought his young wife to America, he became a reporter on one of the leading New York papers. It was hard work, and the pay was small. The young man had to "keep eyes and ears open," as we say. He must be on the watch day and

night for important news. He soon proved that he was equal to his position. The most terrible storm did not keep him from his duty; he told the truth; he was quick and keen, and he could see the funny, as well as the serious side of things. So it happened that one day the editor called him to his desk. "I am going to send you to Police Headquarters," he said. "Our man there has left. The one who takes his place must be able to tell the truth and stick to it. You will find plenty of fighting before you."

To become a reporter at Police Headquarters was a big step for a young man. Mr. Riis knew this and he also knew that he had to fill the hardest place on the newspaper. It meant danger, for his work lay largely among the lowest people in the city. But there would also be the greatest possible chance to do good.

Not long before, Mr. Riis had felt a desire to become a minister, but a good friend of his, himself a minister, said: "No, no, Jacob, not that. We have preachers enough. What the world needs is consecrated pens." The chance had now come to consecrate his pen

to the help of the worst and most unhappy people in New York City.

"I will do my best," thought the young man. But before he set to work he thought of his young wife in the little home across the river. "I must let her know," he said to himself, "for the news of my advancement will make her glad." Accordingly he sent off this telegram: "Got staff appointment, Police Headquarters. $25. a week. Hurrah!"

There was little rest for Mr. Riis now. In the first place, he had to get acquainted with that part of the city where the Police Headquarters was. There was a network of crooked, dirty streets filled with tenement houses, many of which were unfit to live in. Out from and behind these were crooked and narrow alleys where the tenements were worse and still more unhealthy to live in.

In these tenements two millions of people were packed together, — ten, twenty, and even more sometimes sleeping together in a single room. Little children, thousands of them, grew up in these dark, filthy homes; countless babies were born there, many of them to die for lack of fresh air and sunshine.

Bottle Alley, Hell's Kitchen, Bandits' Roost — such were the names of the by-ways through which Mr. Riis made his way on many a dark night. Why, you may ask. Because something was always happening in such places. Perhaps it was a fight; perhaps it was a fire; perhaps it was a robbery. At any rate, as a police reporter, it was his business to find out about all the trouble in the city. And most of this trouble was to be found in that terrible quarter.

The pitiful discoveries the young man made in those days kept his kind heart aching. For instance, a chance story of need brought him, in the midst of a bitter storm, to a bare attic room into which the rain was beating heavily. On a rough bed he found a man lying ill and close to death, with no one to care for him or speak a kindly word. The reporter found that this lonely sufferer was a French nobleman and the last of an old, old family.

Words idly picked up in the street might lead Mr. Riis to a mother caring for her brood of little ones in a room high up in some tumble-down tenement where the sun-

light never came to cheer them, and where the mother's hands could not work fast enough sewing for some "sweat shop" to keep the gaunt wolf, Hunger, from the door. In one such place Mr. Riis found the mother doing her best to make the dark little tenement somewhat like a home.

A small boy stood at the window, looking out into the narrow space between the walls of two tall buildings. His eyes were filled with longing. If only the sun might strike his window for a few minutes, just a few minutes each day! Beyond him was a tenement where the sunlight did fall; but alas, it cost more than his parents could afford.

Among people such as these, as well as among the drunken and wicked, Mr. Riis found his work. "The tenements must be made better," he thought. "Every one has a right to sunlight and fresh air, and children should have playgrounds. If people have a chance to live differently, they will not only be stronger, but better."

"They will not try," Mr. Riis went on thinking, "till the places where they live are made clean, and the sunlight and fresh air can

enter freely. Many of the tenements should be torn down; others should be improved; fewer people should be allowed to live in one tenement. The children moreover, should have playgrounds and schools."

The kind-hearted, earnest man wrote articles for the newspapers, telling of the bad conditions he had discovered. He tried to put his own heartache for the people of the slums into these articles, so that his readers might be roused to make reforms. He worked so hard that he could not have stood the strain, had it not been for his own happy home where a cheery wife and little children with bright faces and merry laughter were ever ready to welcome him.

When Mr. Riis was with these dear ones, he couldn't be sad even if he wished. But, bless you, he didn't wish. He was only too glad to forget for a little while that there were other children over on the East Side of New York who didn't know what flowers and sunshine, plenty of good food, loving smiles, and kind words might mean.

By and by, after scarlet fever had made a disagreeable visit to the Riis household, its

master decided that his children must have the real country to grow up in. He had found the very place among the hills of Long Island, where there were trees, and room enough for a big garden. A happy family soon moved to Richmond Hill as the new home was called. There were wide fields near the house, where daisies grew in the summer. The Riis children took great delight in picking large bunches of these and bringing them to their father when he was ready to go to his day's work in the city.

"Give the posies to the poors," they would say, with pitying love for the children who were not as blest as they. And when night came and Mr. Riis returned, he would have an interesting story to tell of the children who crowded about him as soon as he landed in the city and begged for a few flowers. Some of them even cried when the last of the flowers had been given away, and they had received none.

Mr. Riis now wrote an article for the newspapers, asking other people who had gardens to remember the sad little folks of the slums. He was quickly answered. Boxes, barrels,

yes, wagonloads of flowers came pouring into the reporter's office. The happiness these brought to the poor couldn't be measured. Among them were immigrants from sunny Italy who had never had a flower since they landed in New York. The faces of these Italians shone with delight at the good sight. "May the Lord bless you," they cried, now one and now another, as Mr. Riis handed out bunches of beautiful blossoms.

Giving flowers was a light and pleasant task. But the great work to which Mr. Riis had set himself was one that required years of steady will and thought. To clean the streets of the slums, to let in the sunlight, to tear down unhealthy tenements and have playgrounds for the children in their places, to make good schools, to get the meanest quarter of all, the Mulberry Street Bend, changed into a beautiful park, — these were some of the things which the pilgrim from Denmark, himself a poor and little known man, determined should be done.

For a long time Mr. Riis made small headway. Though he wrote story after story

about the slums for the newspapers, he failed to get much done to change the terrible conditions. He wondered how sensible, kind-hearted people could read about "The Other Half," and then forget how that "Other Half" lived and suffered.

"I must find a way to touch the hearts of my readers," he thought, and at last he succeeded. One morning, while he was eating breakfast, he glanced over a newspaper. All of a sudden he cried out. What news could have so startled her husband, his wife wondered. It was simply this: over in Germany a discovery had been made by which pictures could be taken by flashlight even in the darkest places.

"I have it. I have it," thought Mr. Riis.

Have what, you may wonder. Just this: if pictures could be taken by flashlight, Mr. Riis, with the help of the police, could make his way into the worst of the tenements and carry away terrible and fearful pictures. When his readers should see these, they would understand what was going on in the slums better than words could tell them.

Within two weeks from the day when Mr.

Riis read of the flashlight pictures, he had made his plans. With a member of the health department, two photographers, and a policeman or two, he began his work. He found small, unaired rooms, where the lodgers lay packed close together on the floor, almost as close, in fact, as layers of figs. "Five cents a spot" these people paid for one night's rest in such places. Far worse things even than this the flashlight revealed, and pictures were taken that could not be blotted out from the minds of those who saw them afterwards.

Were not the people in the tenements angry at being surprised in the middle of the night? They had no time to get angry. They were filled with terror at the sudden light flashed upon them, the loud report as the picture was taken, and the sight of strangers armed with revolvers. At that early time, it must be explained, flashlights were loaded in cartridges which were fired off as each picture was taken.

Well, to make a long story short, the flashlight had a large share in making the dreams of the good Dane "come true."

When men and women saw for themselves how the children of the slums were growing up; when they looked at the pictures of the damp cellars and filthy garrets in which old and young were herded together like so many cattle; when these pictures brought them face to face with sickness, suffering, and wickedness, they said, "The people in the slums shall be helped." Then, at last, the heart of Jacob Riis leaped with gladness.

After Mr. Riis began to add pictures to his writings, he tried to get some of his articles printed in the magazines, but each time he was refused. He would not give up however; that wasn't his way. And at last the chance came through a lecture he had given with stereopticon views at a church meeting. One of the editors of *Scribner's Magazine*, who heard Mr. Riis, thought: "That lecture could be made into a good article for my magazine."

He went to Mr. Riis and talked the matter over with him. Not long afterwards the story "How the Other Half Lives" was given him by Mr. Riis and was published at Christmas time, when people's hearts are more open to the sorrows of others. The story inter-

ested thousands of people and filled them with pity for those who were not as fortunate as themselves. It led to the writing of a book about the poor, also called *How the Other Half Lives*.

It happened in this way. Miss Jeannette Gilder, herself a well-known writer, proposed the idea to Mr. Riis and told him of a publisher who she felt sure would print it. When he received her letter, he was so happy that he could not speak. With his dear wife beside him, he sat thinking of what the book might mean, — the making real of his dreams for the unhappy poor.

When the first book, *How the Other Half Lives*, was published, it caused more excitement than Mr. Riis had dared to hope. "Can it be," said thoughtful readers, "that there is really so great misery in New York City? We must see what can be done." Moreover, when Theodore Roosevelt, a Civil Service Commissioner at that time, had finished reading the book, he hastened to the newspaper office where Mr. Riis worked. Not finding him there, he left a note saying, "I have come to help."

When the young Dane returned and found the note, his heart beat with new courage. No longer did he have to fight his battles with the slums alone because a good fighter had joined hands with him. Many a dark night after this, when other people were sleeping peacefully, these two men made their way through dark and dangerous places where they were least expected. They discovered police officers, who should have been on duty, absent from their posts, and they found that the laws for health and order were not carried out. They saw together, as Mr. Riis had seen alone, why so many children of the slums grow up into bad men and women. When the little folks lived in places that were not homes; when they had no playgrounds, no fit schools; when their parents were often cruel and drunken, how could they grow up into good and happy American citizens?

The two men talked over these matters. Then came deeds. And lo! the quarter of the city where Mr. Riis began his work as a reporter now came to "blossom as a rose." Good schools were built, where kind teachers

did their best to interest and teach the children. Playgrounds took the place of tumble-down tenements. Landlords were forced to treat their tenants honestly. And in the worst place of all, the Mulberry Street Bend, a park with trees and grass and shady walks took the place of back alleys and filthy homes.

Among other things, men and women who were unwilling to work were no longer allowed to lodge in the police stations as on that terrible night years before, when the young immigrant's locket was stolen and the life beaten out of his faithful dog friend. Moreover, the day came when the people of New York said: "It is truly wonderful what reforms have been made in our city by a poor Danish immigrant. He has worked a miracle."

After Mr. Riis had written his first book, he found he had still more to say in regard to the people of the tenements, and that he could help them best by telling their stories in books rather than in the newspapers. Accordingly, he had a little den built on his place at Richmond Hill, and there he

worked busily, writing one book after another. He told the story of his own life in *The Making of an American;* he also wrote much about the children of the slums. Thus among his books are *Is there a Santa Claus*, *The Children of the Poor*, and *The Children of the Tenements.*

Some of these stories are sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of the readers, who learn from them that the hearts of hungry, ill-treated little waifs hold love as deep as that of children in palaces. Even those who were called "toughs" surprised Mr. Riis by the sacrifices they would make for those they held dear.

Why, there was one little girl of whom her teacher said, "I can't do anything with her." Yet when a Thanksgiving dinner was served to the children of the school, this same unruly child did not eat her piece of pie, much as she longed for it, but put it in her pocket to take home to her mother.

Mr. Riis, who had now become a noted man, was asked to lecture about the poor, not only in New York but in distant cities. Halls were packed with eager crowds when-

ever the news spread that Jacob Riis was to be the speaker.

Thus the good work spread through the country, and the reformer's heart was glad. Sometimes his cares were so heavy that his body would cry out, "I want a rest." Then perhaps Mr. Riis would take a short vacation with his dear wife, visiting friends in Boston, or perhaps going to the White House in Washington, where Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were always glad to have their company.

At last there came a time when the busy worker felt he must have a longer rest. Then his heart cried out for the old home across the water and the dear mother who had not seen her son for so many years. So it came about that a merry family party steamed away one day from New York Harbor, to find itself not long afterwards in the old-fashioned town in Denmark. The cathedral with its tower was still unchanged; storks still flew over the house tops and built their nests on the ridgepoles; the long meadow grass waved in the salt breeze as in the summers of long ago; and in the little town of Ribe a proud and happy mother

sat eagerly listening to the story of her son's life in distant America.

This mother was gray-haired and wrinkled now, but they were the same tender eyes that looked upon him, the same loving voice that spoke to his ears. As for the citizens of Ribe, fully half the town turned out to meet the old friend who had left them to become a savior of two millions of unfortunate people. It was a happy home-coming indeed!

While Mr. Riis was in Denmark, he fell ill with fever. One day, after the fever had left him, he still lay weak and helpless. From his bed he could look out to sea; over the waters sparkling in the sunshine ships of many nations were passing. It was a beautiful scene, but the sick man was too weak to care. Suddenly a new ship came into view. From its top-mast a flag was flying, the flag of "The free and the brave." At the sight, the sick man, forgetting sickness and weariness, sat up in bed; laughing and crying and shouting in his joy, he waved his handkerchief in greeting to the flag. He loved his childhood home and the friends

there, but he knew at last that the United States was his country and that he was an American. The flag had laid bare his heart.

With new courage Mr. Riis came back to the United States to go on with the work he loved. His children grew up, and there were no more babies to frolic with in his own household, but the day came when he became a proud grandfather. Not long after this a shadow fell on the happy little home; the loving Elizabeth, who had shared her husband's cares for nearly thirty years and filled his home with music, was taken away.

No one could ever fill the place of this beautiful woman. Nevertheless, Mr. Riis had depended on his wife so greatly for advice and sympathy that two years afterwards he married again. His work was nearing an end however, and after seven more years he himself died on the twenty-sixth of May, 1914.

The whole country mourned the loss of the pilgrim from Denmark, who had worked so long and faithfully for the poor and unfortunate, and who had succeeded in bringing about many wonderful reforms.

MARY ANTIN

A PILGRIM FROM RUSSIA

In the not-long-ago of the year 1881 a little Jewish girl was born across the sea. She had soft dark hair, and eyes that shone like the stars. Her parents, who spoke the Yiddish tongue of their people, gave her the name of Maryashe. The baby's home was in the "Pale of Settlement" in the heart of the great Russian empire.

This Pale of Settlement was shut off by itself through the command of the Russian government. It was a place where Jews were allowed to live and carry on business. Special laws were made for these Jews; special taxes were laid upon them; and they were deprived of many rights that were granted to the other people of the country.

As baby Maryashe, or Mashke as she was generally called, lay in her mother's arms, she was soothed to sleep by songs about

Rebekah and Leah and Rachel, beautiful women of old Hebrew history. As she grew older, her parents told her stories of the days when the Hebrews were a great people. The dreams of old times became more interesting to the young listener than any fairy tales.

"They are real," thought the child. "Yes, much more real than this town of Polotzk where I live."

Mashke was born in the home of her mother's parents. At that time her father was a student, expecting some day to become a "Holy Man" or Rav. But after Mashke was born, he decided he would enjoy business far more, so he left his books and went away from home to earn money. But when his father-in-law died, he and his wife decided to carry on his business.

They now moved into a house of their own. As Mashke's mother generally spent her days at the store, she kept a cook, as well as a maid to look after her children. One part of the house was set aside for the entertainment of customers who came from a distance. It was so large, however, that there was still plenty of room not only for

the family, but for the many relations who came visiting throughout the year.

Every Friday afternoon, Mashke's parents closed their store early and came home to get ready for the Sabbath. Everyday clothes were now laid aside, and each one in the household put on his best garments. The keys of the store and the money bags were put out of sight, the oven was sealed, and special food was laid out for the Sabbath.

When all had been made ready, Mashke's father and brother went to the service at the synagogue, as a Jewish church is called. While they were away, the mother and her maids and little daughters gathered about the big table in the living room for "candle prayer." The table had already been set with special food and dishes. The linen was fresh from the laundry; the silver shone; and many candles shed a soft light over all.

When the prayer was over, the women read sacred books, while the children amused themselves quietly till their father's return. Then, "Good Sabbath," "Good Sabbath," were the greetings to each other, and the family took their places about the table.

Not a word must be said while the father blessed the wine and cut the Sabbath loaf. After each one had received his slice, however, the children were allowed to talk as at other meals.

The next morning the whole family went to church in the synagogue. Then came a delightful dinner, with pleasant talk and the singing of favorite songs between the courses. The day ended with walks in the country, visits to other Jewish homes, or talks with friends and relatives who "dropped in" for a little chat and a cup of tea.

This happy home, where Mashke could dream dreams and live over again the grand old days of Moses and Solomon, was the first of Mashke's two worlds. The other was very different. It lay out of doors where the child was likely to meet with scornful words or even blows, and be told that she belonged to a hated people. When a policeman passed along the sidewalk, she would run into some dark corner and hide until he had passed by. She was frightened lest he, being a Gentile, might treat her roughly.

From time to time, strange Jews came to

Polotzk from the big world outside. Some of these had been wounded and were suffering. It made one weep to hear of the terrible things that had happened to them. In that outside world from which they came, men, women, and children — even little babies — were killed in the most brutal manner, simply because they were Jews.

Such things always happened in a pogrom, so Mashke heard. Some Gentile would begin the trouble by saying cruel and untrue words about the Jews. The listeners, instead of stopping to think over the matter, would work themselves up into great anger. Seizing their axes and knives, they would rush out of their houses to torture and even kill the Jews whom they met.

When Mashke heard stories of the pogroms, she shivered with fear. In Polotzk, however, the Jews were fairly safe. But one day, when the Christians were celebrating one of their holidays, danger was at hand; at least, so thought timid little Mashke.

"Keep indoors," the police warned the Jews, "while the procession is passing through the streets."

The Jews made haste to obey. They even locked their gates and barred the shutters of their houses so the Gentiles should not even get a glimpse of them. As the procession neared Mashke's house, the little girl peeked out through cracks in the shutters. She saw great numbers of people led by priests; there were also soldiers and policemen.

"Why are they there?" Mashke whispered to her nurse.

"In case of a pogrom," she answered. The child almost fainted with fear. At that moment she could hear the church bells ringing loudly, as if saying, "It is coming, coming, coming. Prepare for torture and death."

The little girl wondered what the Gentiles would do to her. But the procession passed on quietly, and night found Mashke and her people safe.

In that second world of Mashke's lay the vast country of Russia. There lived the cruel ruler, the Czar, whom the Jews hated. And yet a large picture of the Czar hung on the wall in Mashke's home. Why was it? The child understood when she was still very small. If some officer of the government

should at any time come to the house and see the picture, it would seem as if Mashke's father were a friend to the tyrant. Otherwise, it might go hard with him. And in the great country outside the Pale there were prisons, — big, dark, cruel prisons, — behind whose walls men and women disappeared from time to time.

Sometimes Mashke's father traveled outside the Pale. He was allowed to do this by paying large sums of money to the government. Whenever he went away on one of these trips, it made every one in the home quite sad at the thought of possible danger to the loved one. But usually Mashke was happy and contented.

Mashke and her older sister Fetchke were great chums, yet they were quite different from each other. Fetchke was plump and rosy-cheeked, while Mashke was pale and small and delicate. Fetchke was active and liked nothing better than to trot about by her mother's side at the store, watching her weigh and sell her goods. Mashke, on the other hand, was babied because she was not strong. Thus, in the winter, while Fetchke

was skating or coasting, or with her mother at the store, Mashke spent long hours sitting by the window at home, amusing herself by thinking out stories; in this way she could take part in the most exciting adventures without moving a step from her own little chair or getting the least bit tired.

In summer there were long walks into the country with her father. Sometimes they stopped to rest, with the beautiful fields stretching out about them and the bright sky overhead. Mashke, as it happened, was so small that her people often called her pet names, such as Mouse and Crumb; and at these times the world seemed all the larger because she herself was so tiny. Sometimes on the Sabbath Mashke went walking with her girl chums. On this day the little girl wore her best shoes, and this was a great pleasure in itself. But there were also secrets to whisper to her companions and stories to tell each other. Though Mashke did not care much for dolls and had few toys, she had a rag baby with which she sometimes played. Best of all, however, was acting out the life of grown-up people, keeping house, having

weddings and funerals, and playing Gentiles. This last was the most exciting of all, for, to the Jewish children, anything that was Gentile must be wicked.

Mashke always enjoyed the long winter evenings. When she liked, she could play cards or checkers with Fetchke. Or perhaps she would wind the yarn which her grandmother afterwards knit into stockings and mufflers. Again she would sit idly by, listening to a story told by one of the older folks of the household. Sometimes the women gathered about the big table and sorted feathers for the soft beds of which Mashke's people were very fond. Then the little girl would find a place among them, and reaching her tiny hands into the soft, downy pile, she would watch the feathers as they rose in soft, light clouds.

Mashke had many a dream at these times of the birds from which the feathers had been plucked. Then, suddenly as air-castles come tumbling to the earth, these dreams would be scattered by a storm rising about the child's head. One of the maids had sneezed, and lo! feathers, feathers, everywhere. There

could be no more work that evening, save that of making oneself free from the fluffy visitors on hair and garments.

There were four children in the family. First came Fetchke, healthy and loving, and ever ready to help; next to her was Mashke, the thoughtful and delicate; the third was the boy Joseph; youngest of all was the baby Deborah. The Jews of Polotzk did not think it worth while for girls to learn much from books. They must be taught sewing and cooking, — all those things, in fact, which make a good housewife.

Learning was for the boys, who would grow up to be the heads of families. Best of all was the learning to be obtained from the sacred books of the Hebrews; accordingly, when Joseph was only five years old, he was sent to school to learn Hebrew, the language in which the sacred books were written.

Mashke sometimes carried Joseph's dinner to him at the school. Her bright eyes noted the rows of boys sitting on benches around the table, with sacred fringes showing below their jackets. At the head of the table was the teacher, with a long pointer in his hand.

In one corner of the room stood a stout birch rod which the teacher used on the backs of lazy boys.

When Mashke was still very small, she began to think things out for herself. She was not willing to take anything for granted simply because some one said it was so. For instance, there was a kind of daisy called the "blind flower" that grew near her home. "If little girls pick the 'blind flowers,' they may become blind, too," said Mashke's grandmother. Did Mashke now keep away from the flowers? Indeed not!

"I will find out for myself whether the saying is true," she said to herself. Going out to the daisy field, she gathered great bunches of the flowers. Nothing bad followed the daring deed, for her eyes remained as bright and clear as ever.

Mashke kept on questioning and finding things out for herself till one day — she was much older now — she dared to wonder if certain beliefs of her people were quite true. For instance, she had been taught that no one must carry any burden out of the house on the Sabbath, no matter how little it was.

"Is it really wicked to carry a bundle outdoors on the Sabbath?" the child asked herself. "Would God be angry if I carried one? Would he punish me for it?"

The spirit of daring seized Mashke. "I will prove it for myself," she thought. She went quietly out of the house when the rest of the family were having a Sabbath afternoon doze, and walked slowly down the path to the gate. Then, taking her handkerchief out of her pocket, she looked at it thoughtfully and deliberately put it back again. With the handkerchief still in her pocket, she passed through the gate and out into the street. She walked hurriedly on, on, till she reached the corner. There she stopped. If God were angry, would he now punish her? But there was no change in the peaceful world around her; no thunder spoke from the heavens and shook the earth under her feet; no clouds swept over the sky; no lightning flash struck the daring head. Nothing had happened! And from that day Mashke became more eager to test such beliefs herself before she accepted them as true.

Mashke's father had learned much in the

years he spent away from Polotzk. In the large cities he had visited he discovered that not only Christians but Jews believed in having their daughters go to school. This seemed very sensible to the good father. He said to himself, "If people are ever to be free, they must first be educated." At last he decided to send Fetchke and Mashke to a rabbi to learn Hebrew.

Both Mashke and Fetchke showed themselves faithful little students. They were soon able to repeat long passages of Hebrew Scriptures by rote. Their father was so pleased that he soon hired a rabbi to come to the house and teach his daughters the meaning of the words of the Scriptures.

Then, one wonderful day, the little girls were sent to a school where they were to learn other things besides Hebrew. On the glorious first morning they were dressed in their best clothes; their pretty curls were carefully brushed; their hearts beat fast with joy; their eyes shone with pride.

The school towards which the little girls stepped so happily was kept in a dingy little room in a dingy little house. In the middle

of the room stood a rough table, in whose surface holes had been dug to contain ink. On either side of the table were long benches where the children sat at their work. On one of these Mashke and Fetchke were given their places, and were soon busy copying letters with pens fastened to the ends of twigs.

The schoolroom, dark and dingy as it was, seemed as beautiful as an enchanted palace to the small newcomers. It was a place where they might *learn;* this thought shed a brightness over everything.

But all too soon trouble came to Mashke's family, and there was no more money with which to pay the school-teacher. Whatever could be spared was now given to the physician, as the father was very ill. Before he became well, his wife also fell ill.

One by one the servants were sent away, and Fetchke and her grandmother were obliged to care for the big house and the sick people, as Mashke was too small and delicate to give much help. After a while, the faithful Fetchke broke down from overwork, and the dear grandmother was injured

by a kick from the cow. "Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble," had certainly overtaken the once happy home.

Months went by, and still Mashke's mother lay suffering. "Will she never get well?" the little girl would ask herself, as she sat beside the sick woman. It was very sad too to watch the father's anxious face, to know there was no more money in the house, and that the silver candlesticks and the mother's rich garments must be sold that the many bills might be paid.

At last there came a change. Mashke's mother suddenly became better, and her father was made superintendent of a grist mill out in the country. The family moved to a house near the grist mill, and here Mashke was again happy. Unfortunately, the little girl's father soon lost his position. His wife again fell ill, and he himself was far from well. Then it was that Mashke's father dreamed of the great and glorious country of America across the ocean.

"If only I could get there!" thought the poor man. Soon afterwards he learned of a charitable society which would furnish the

means for him to go to America. Once in that land of freedom, he felt sure he could earn enough money to send for his family.

Mashke was about ten years old when her father went away. His going did not mean much to her then, because he had often before made long journeys from home. But one day, when she was lying ill in bed with the measles, a letter came that gave a great meaning to the word America; something rich and beautiful was locked up in it. A new hope spoke in the words of the letter. "Across the ocean," thought the child, "a wondrous land of happiness is waiting for me."

In the meantime, the life of the little family left in Polotzk became worse even than before the father went away. One poor room was now the home of all, and it was hard work for the half-sick mother to pay the rent even of that one room. All day long she went through the streets of the city, peddling groceries. Fetchke was only twelve years old, yet she now became the housekeeper, attending to the cooking, washing, and mending. Mashke did her best to help, but the poor child was always half ill.

Once in a great while there came a happy and exciting day when a letter arrived from the father. It was sure to tell of the freedom of all Americans: strange as it might seem, poor people there had the same rights as the rich. Moreover, every child in that country was sent to school, and without cost to the parents!

As the months went by, the father wrote that Mashke and Fetchke had better learn some trade, for when they came to America the knowledge would not hurt them in the eyes of other people. Accordingly, Fetchke's mother sent her to work with a dressmaker and Mashke went every day to a milliner. The little girl did her best for two winter months, but her clothes were so thin that they did not keep her warm when she went on long errands for her employer. She had one cold after another, till finally the milliner said she had no more use for her and sent her home.

Then something really pleasant happened: Mashke was sent on a long visit to well-to-do relatives in the big city of Vitebsk. The relatives did many things for her happiness.

Besides, there were books in the house, and the little girl was allowed to read to her heart's content. She also had the pleasure of earning money by teaching the art of making Russian lace, which she had learned in Polotzk.

She had the greatest delight in spending the money she earned. Not on herself, mind you. There were dear ones at home who were in need, and there were beautiful things in the stores at Vitebsk which she might carry to those dear ones when her visit was over. Alas! when Mashke returned to Polotzk, she found the hardships of her family even greater than before she went away.

But her dream of the glorious world across the ocean still cheered her. And one day a letter came from her father, saying that at last he had found a way to send for his family, and inclosing a third-class ticket on a steamer bound for America. Education, freedom, happiness were calling, and Mashke could now answer, "I come."

In the busy days that followed, the home was filled from morning till night with excited

chatter. Mashke, however, was even more quiet than usual. She enjoyed the good things old friends bestowed upon her now that she was going to leave them, but all the time she was feasting on something she loved even more than their best gifts. This was the thought of the Great Adventure in which she, a poor little Jewish girl, was about to take part.

The time came when everything was ready for departure. A crowd gathered at the gate to escort the pilgrims to the station; another crowd was waiting there when they arrived. The last farewell was said; the crowd drew back; the door of the car was fastened; then the travelers moved out into the great wide world on a journey of five thousand miles.

After many exciting adventures, Mashke found herself in the German port from which she was to sail for America. Sixteen days of life were ahead of her on the ocean which she had never seen before. They did not prove as happy as she had hoped, for there were storms in which the ship was tossed about like a feather. At such times little Mashke was so seasick it seemed as if she could not

live. But after the sun shone once more and the waves calmed down, she was her happy self again, dancing about the deck and making friends with the sailors.

At last the New World came in sight, and one glad day Mashke found herself in the land of her dreams. The ship had brought her safely to the city of Boston, where her father was eagerly waiting to receive the dear ones from whom he had been so long parted. Mashke's father began at once to teach his family how to behave in their new home. They must not act like "greenhorns," but as much as possible like the Americans whose ways he had grown to love. And so, when he had taken them to the dark little tenement he had made ready for them, Mashke was ready to think the wooden chairs and poor beds and cheap dishes quite beautiful. They were American; that was enough. And only think how much was free in this glorious land, — free schools, free music from wandering street bands, free lights in the street, that turned night into day. Why, even the policemen were friendly! No child in America need hide in the corner when a

policeman went by, as Mashke had done all her life in Polotzk. In this glorious country one had *nothing* to fear.

There were many things to learn, — fire-making, for instance, in the queer American stoves. And there were queer foods to taste, such as Mashke had never heard of before. There were trips to the big stores to buy American clothes. Even the little girl's name was changed. No longer, declared her father, should she be called Mashke, but Mary. At the same time Fetchke became Frieda, and baby Deborah, Dora.

The second day after Mary's arrival, for we must now call the little pilgrim by this name, a girl neighbor offered to take her to school. She knew already that in America it was free to every one; but to enter simply on the invitation of another child seemed impossible. However, as it was now late in the spring, Mary's father said she had better wait till autumn. This was because he was going soon to take his family to a neighboring beach, where he and another man were to keep a soda and lemonade stand during the summer. Mary felt sorry that she must

wait, but she forgot everything else as soon as she reached Crescent Beach. To lie on the soft sand; to paddle in the waves as they came rushing in to the shore; to watch the gulls as they flew out to sea, and the ships as they went sailing past; to run in the face of a northeaster and defy the power of the storm; to play games with the merry children who lived next door; afterwards, perhaps, to sit alone in some sheltered nook and think and dream,—from morning till night, there was nothing more glorious in life to wish for.

When summer came to an end, Mary found herself in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston. Here Mr. Antin set up a basement grocery store in a mean corner of the city, and the family lived overhead.

But Mary thought little of the meanness around her. Her home meant far more than what the dingy tenement walls shut in; it was America, vast and beautiful. And then one bright morning in September, the happy little girl, with Joseph and Dora beside her, was led by her father to the building where she was to enter school.

No doubt she felt grand in her new calico

dress. The big, dark eyes must have danced for joy. Joseph and Dora, both beautiful children, were also very happy, and they too wore new and spotless garments. But faithful, unselfish Frieda was not with them. She had already begun work with a dressmaker that she might help support the family.

Mary was a delight to her American teachers. She learned so fast that she was quickly promoted from one class to another. At the end of only four months she wrote a composition that her teacher considered so good she sent it to a magazine. There it was printed, and its readers were filled with wonder. A little girl from Russia, twelve years old, and in school only four months, to write such a composition and in such good English! It seemed almost impossible. Then the teacher brought the magazine to school and showed it to her pupil; when she pointed out the name, *Mary Antin*, in print, the child was nearly dumb with delight.

When Mary's second school year was only half over, she entered the sixth grade. Her teachers already looked upon her as a "star pupil." In the grammar school Mary found

the fields of learning more beautiful than ever. Arithmetic and spelling were worth study. But history was even more delightful, for there she read stories of great and wise people. Among all Mary's heroes, none held so high a place in her mind as George Washington.

Washington was so brave, so truthful! What nobler title could there be than that of "The Father of his Country"? The little girl felt that she too must love truth and justice as George Washington had done. She too must work for the country that was not only his, but hers. Yes, America was her country now, and she was a fellow citizen of George Washington; it was a glorious thought.

Mary was not satisfied till she had written a poem about Washington. Then came the twenty-second of February. It was celebrated with fitting exercises by Mary's school, and she, the pale-faced little Russian pilgrim, had the honor of reading her poem, not only in her own classroom but in several others. It was not a perfect poem, by any means, but it showed the love and pride of the young

writer. Even her child hearers felt it, and they were filled with admiration for their classmate, praising and pointing at her. It was not strange that she now thought her poem ought to be printed in some newspaper.

So, with bold heart, she went to Boston and made her way along crowded, noisy streets to the newspaper offices. An editor of the *Boston Herald* listened kindly to the weak little voice and promised to print the poem; and at the same time he asked Mary questions about her old life in Russia.

When the poem afterwards appeared in the *Herald*, there also was the story of the little girl who wrote it. What pride there was in the Antin household now!

After a while the Antins moved into Boston where the father again set up a basement grocery. Mary's home was now in a still more ugly street than in Chelsea, with neighbors who were vulgar and drunken. And yet this little girl, remembering that she and George Washington were fellow citizens, was brave and happy. She felt that the stuffy little tenement was not all of her home.

Home was America, which gave her a big, airy schoolroom to study in, parks to play in, public libraries to read in.

Best of all, the little girl was constantly making wise and good friends who seemed to forget that Mary Antin, bright as she was in her studies, lived in a wretched tenement in the slums.

When Mary graduated from the grammar school she held the highest place in her class. She was chosen to speak two pieces, one of which she had composed herself. The last day came, and in a big, crowded hall the little girl spoke her pieces. Her own composition, the sad story of a cousin in far-distant Russia, touched her hearers deeply. As she finished, they clapped loudly.

But the proudest moment of all came when one of the School Board made a speech in which he told the story of a certain little pilgrim from Russia and the wonders which she had accomplished in three short years. The speaker did not mention her name, but Mary knew whom he meant; so did her parents and friends, who beamed with delight; so did her schoolmates, who began to nudge

her and whisper, "You should get up and thank him."

She wondered if she ought to do so. She was confused and could hardly think. Then, the next instant, she was on her feet, and stumblingly began to speak. All eyes were upon her, and at the same moment her principal signed to her to sit down.

She saw at once that she had done wrong. The speaker who had praised her so highly had not given her name, and so it was not her place to reveal it. Shame swept over her, driving out all the pride which a moment before had filled her heart almost to bursting. The most radiant day of the sensitive girl's life ended in blackness.

The following September Mary entered the Latin School, because here she could best fit for college. College for this girl, when the tenement in which the Antins now lived was even more dingy and wretched than before? College, when there were new babies in the family to feed and clothe and care for? College, when even Frieda's wages could no longer help, as she was now married? College, when the rent was always behindhand, and

the food was scarce? Yes, Mary's father had said it. He did not know how the money for it would be gained, but he felt sure the way would open.

So Mary kept on with her studies. When she was not at school, she helped her mother in the home; she tended the babies; she swept and cleaned the house; she washed the dishes. But when the noisy people in the tenements around her had gone to bed, and when there was no longer anything more to do to lighten her mother's cares, the young girl went to her own little room and studied far into the night.

Mary Antin kept on making friends because she was brave, determined, and cheerful. Wealthy and refined people opened their doors to the little Russian pilgrim, because they saw the beauty of a nature that cheap garments could not hide, and they were ready with love and help.

Thus encouraged, Mary finished her work in the Latin School successfully. Then a new happiness came into her life in the love of Professor Grabau, now of Columbia University. In the year 1901 the two were

married, and the young girl no longer needed to think and study alone. As the wife of Professor Grabau, she continued her studies for several years, first at the Teachers' College of Columbia University, and afterwards at Barnard College. During this time she was preparing to help her adopted country and the millions of pilgrims who had come to its shores.

Greatly as she loved and admired this land of freedom, she felt that it was not perfect, and that the hearts of the people should be filled with the spirit of brotherhood towards all men, whether rich or poor, wise or ignorant. So, before long, she began to write with the hope of making all others feel as she did. Her first book, *The Promised Land*, is the wonderfully written story of her young life, first as the oppressed child of far-away Russia, then of the girlhood in America that could be glorious even though spent in poverty, because of the gifts bestowed on her by this United States.

No American can read this book without a deeper love for his country and a stronger wish to serve it. Mrs. Grabau has also

Photo. Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

MARY ANTIN.

a rich wife

to drive the
oy's teacher,
the mighty
tossed help-
ready to
overboard.
But even
and being
drive away

lived there
of people,
poor and
Magyars,
were often
ery young,
ere cruelly
prison for

sted by a
had been
of a great
cabin and

written other books, with the hope of making her countrymen better understand the needs of the immigrants who come here. But this is not all of her work; from time to time she leaves her charming home to speak to the people of America. She has always the same message: Be true to the example of our forefathers. Keep this country the "Land of the free, and the home of the brave." Remember the words of our Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal."

A few years ago Mrs. Grabau again crossed the ocean to visit the old friends and relatives she had left behind her in Polotzk and to tell them of the riches that America, the free and beautiful land, had bestowed on her.

Mrs. Grabau is a devoted mother; she is a hostess of rare charm; she is the true friend of those who serve her, as well as of the many in her own station of life who know and admire her. We cannot measure the greatness of this young pilgrim's work, nor may we guess what she may yet accomplish for the adopted country which she loves as life itself.

EDWARD ALFRED STEINER

A PILGRIM FROM AUSTRIA

In the year 1866, a Jewish boy was born in the great city of Vienna in Austria. Later on, he lived with his widowed mother in a village not far away.

One day, when he was still only a little fellow, he came running into the house in joyful excitement. "Mother," he cried, "I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

The boy's home was very cozy, with a garden and fruit trees and a poppy field. So why should he speak joyfully of leaving it? It was because he had just had his fortune told by a wise parrot belonging to a hand-organ player. The parrot, at his master's order, had reached down from his perch, drawn one envelope from among others, and then laid it before the eager child. In it he read of a

long voyage to America and of a rich wife awaiting him there.

Edward's loving mother tried to drive the idea from his mind. So did the boy's teacher, who painted a terrible picture of the mighty ocean on which big ships were tossed helplessly about, and of the fish ever ready to devour curly-headed boys spilled overboard. And Edward was curly-headed! But even the danger of falling overboard and being devoured by big fish could not drive away the thought of America.

In the village where Edward lived there were, for the most part, two classes of people, — the Slovaks, who were mostly poor and stupid, but kind-hearted; and the Magyars, who ruled over the Slovaks and were often hard and cruel. Even when very young, Edward pitied the Slovaks who were cruelly whipped in public and cast into prison for the slightest wrong-doing.

Later on, he was deeply interested by a visit to his village of a soldier who had been to America and who told stories of a great patriot there who was born in a log cabin and afterwards became President.

"I would like to free the Slovaks from their rulers as Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves," thought the lively boy.

After a while, a whole family came back to his home from America, and when they returned to that free land, Edward tried to follow them. Alas! he was sent back, to receive a sound whipping from his elder brother for running away.

Once again Edward stole out of the village. This time he traveled many miles and had exciting adventures among thieves and gypsies. But the same elder brother started out in pursuit and brought him back, hungry and sorrowful, glad enough to be in his cozy home once more.

When Edward grew older, his mother sent him to school in Germany. There he spent many happy years, going home from time to time on pleasant vacations. Finally, he attended the University of Heidelberg.

Though he loved his studies, he was always ready for a holiday trip through the beautiful country around him. Carrying a lunch and a book, he would start out, sometimes on foot, sometimes on his bicycle, to explore

mountains, fields, and streams. During these tramps he passed many an old castle; he explored noble forests; he wandered along the banks of lovely rivers; and once, during a longer journey, he visited Count Tolstoi in his Russian home. That good, great man, who lived so simply and spent his time trying to help the poor and ignorant, set the carefree student thinking. He too would like to help the poor and ignorant.

Thus, even in those happy university days, Edward remembered and pitied the Slovaks and the harsh rule under which they suffered. Moreover, he dared to speak his thoughts freely when at home.

One day, while on a visit there, a man came to Edward's mother, saying he had a secret: her son, because of bold words, was in danger of falling into the hands of the government.

Edward's mother listened fearfully; her son had been unwise in his words, and when the government should learn what he had said, he might be thrown into prison, or even worse. Her heart ached as she imagined the dreadful things that might happen. But the tale-bearer went on to say that if Edward

would leave the country at once, the secret should be kept till he was safe outside. Without doubt, the man had made much of the story for the sake of getting a reward, but Edward's mother lost no time in making her son ready to leave home.

Where should he go? Where, indeed, but to America, the land of freedom of which he had so long dreamed.

Only a few days afterwards young Edward Steiner, a university student used to ease and pleasure, was crowded in among hundreds of emigrants in the steerage of a big ship.

In those days there were few comforts in the steerage. At meal times Edward had to squeeze in among a crowd of fellow passengers, each carrying a tin pail in which to receive a portion of coarse food. His bunk was in a dark corner of the ship, away "below decks," and was one of many narrow shelves built against the sides of a small, low-ceiled cabin. The air there was heavy and bad.

When the water was rough, and the ship lurched from side to side, and Edward lay seasick on his hard bed, he thought of his

teacher's words in the long ago and longed heartily for home and mother.

The long voyage had some pleasures however, for there were many jolly people in the steerage; and when the days were pleasant, there were story-telling and singing, and the sharing of goodies brought from home. Best of all was the kindly interest these fortune-seekers took in each other.

At last the day arrived when birds could be seen flying out from shore; the Goddess of Liberty came into view, and the big, busy city of New York. And soon Edward Steiner found himself at Castle Garden, facing new people who spoke a strange tongue.

He sought a cheap lodging house and was soon eating a hearty dinner. Having been well brought up at home, he politely waited for others to be served first, but he quickly learned that in a place like this every one looked out for himself.

"Young man," said one of the boarders to him afterwards, "in this country you must remember that God helps those who help themselves." He never forgot these words.

That very afternoon the young pilgrim

started out to look for work. He had an excellent education, and as he knew many languages, he believed he could easily get a position. Unfortunately, he could speak no English and looked so un-American that as he walked along the streets, many a small boy called after him, "Greenhorn! Greenhorn!" Worse still, no one seemed to need his services.

He returned to the boarding house, sadder and wiser. He still had money enough to pay for supper and a bed for the night. But what then? With empty pockets, the world looked very dark.

The next day the young man again started out in search of work. But everywhere he met the same reply: Not wanted. Night came, his feet ached, and his stomach was crying for food.

Now, for the first time, he remembered bringing from home the address of a distant relative who lived in New York. He said to himself, "I will seek her at once." When he had read the address, he found that this relative lived several miles away from where he then was. However, he started for the place at once, and when at last he reached it,

he was received so kindly that he forgot the sad, trying day. A good supper was speedily spread before him, but he was so worn out that he fell asleep at the table as he sat eating and answering questions about the homeland.

Young Steiner's relatives said, "Your knowledge of languages may be useful in some hotel." They loaned him a little money, and the next morning he rode down-town on the "elevated," once more hopeful of getting work. He was filled with wonder as, high in air, he was whirled past lofty buildings, getting hurried peeps into crowded tenements. Among the curious sights were rows of clothes-lines, one above the other, on which the washings of many families were drying in the smoky city air.

After many refusals at hotels, he learned that raw immigrants often got work in clothing shops.

Sunday, the next day, the youth went to church, and as he sat listening to the preacher, whose strange English language he could not understand, the same feeling came over him as had once come long ago in a church in the homeland. He seemed to hear words some-

what like these: "Some day you too will stand in a pulpit and be a preacher like the man before you." Strange, very strange, but so it was.

Before the day ended, young Steiner's new acquaintances told him of a cloakmaker who would give him a job pressing clothes. Early the next morning he was on hand at the cloak shop where he was provided with a heavy flatiron and shown how to press the garments. It was hard work for tender hands, and when the young man scorched one of the cloaks, the forewoman scolded him soundly. He did not understand the words, but the tone of the woman's voice expressed her anger sufficiently.

When night came, a tired and homesick youth went to his cheap boarding place. His hands were blistered from the hot, heavy iron, and his whole body ached. But at least he was earning his living. Moreover, he had begun to learn the language of this great America. He could say "You bet," and "shut up," without knowing that these were the slang expressions of ignorant people. His heart had been warmed by the friendly

spirit of his new companions, even though their voices were loud and their manners rough.

At the end of the week young Steiner received his pay, — three dollars and fifty cents. It was the first money he had ever earned in his life, and he felt as proud as a king. He had already heard of a free night school where he could learn English, and on the following Monday evening he was eagerly at work there.

Unfortunately, the newcomer soon lost his place at the cloak shop and was once more hungry and homeless. Not long afterwards he got a place in a shop where he cut clothing instead of pressing it. For more than a month he had steady work at seven dollars a week. With this he was able to buy food, lodging, and some new clothes. For ten hours of each day he cut garments, and each evening he went to night school. He learned so fast that he was soon able to read English books with ease.

Then the wheel of fortune turned again: work at the shop was slack, and young Steiner was no longer needed. He tried his

hand in a bakery, then a sausage factory, and after that a feather-cleaning shop. But he could get no steady work, and he began to lose courage. Words he had read somewhere now came into his mind: "Go West, young man."

"That is good advice," he decided, for he knew that in the country people were not crowded together as they were in a big city like New York. His mind made up, he lost no time in spending all the money he had for a railroad ticket. "I will go," thought he, "as far as this money will take me."

That night he found himself at Princeton Junction in New Jersey. He was homeless and penniless in a lonely place. Where should he sleep? One place only was open to him, — the platform of a freight house, and here he lay till morning in the company of sociable but greedy mosquitoes.

At daylight young Steiner began his search for work, walking along a lonely country road till he reached a farm where hay was being cut. The master of the house, needing more help, gave the stranger a place among his laborers.

With plenty of food and fresh air, the pilgrim felt himself fortunate. Besides, the housekeeper got books out of her master's library for him to read in the evening.

With his body fed with good food and his mind with the rich thoughts he found in books, he was happy, even though he spent his days among ignorant farm hands and slept in the hayloft.

After the haying was done, he plowed, tended the horses and cattle, and did all sorts of farm work willingly. But when the housekeeper, who proved to be a bad woman, was sent away for stealing, and he was set to scrubbing floors, nursing a small boy, and cooking for the other workmen, he was not satisfied.

"Bad enough!" he said to himself, as he struggled to shape sticky dough into biscuit. "And yet," he thought, "if I stay here till autumn, I may be able to get something to do at the university near by."

He went over to Princeton several times to see the president, but without success, as that gentleman had not yet returned from his vacation. Matters were constantly getting

worse at the farmhouse, and at last the young man felt he could not stay there any longer. "I will go still farther West and see what it can offer me," he decided.

With his summer's earnings of ten dollars in his pocket, he once more set out to seek his fortune. He soon fell in with a peddler of tinware, who said: "Give me your ten dollars, and you may be a partner in my business." Young Steiner agreed, and his pocket was quickly emptied.

Sad to say, no one would buy his goods, and he awoke one morning to find his partner had fled, leaving the tinware behind him.

He walked on towards Philadelphia, finding a hotel keeper on the way who bought his stock for a few dollars. When he reached the city of Brotherly Love, he sought out the famous Liberty Bell which had once rung out the freedom of a brave people.

"One cannot feel poor in a country with such a history," thought young Steiner, and with gay heart he again spent all his money on a railroad ticket which should take him westward. That night he landed in a lonely country place, but soon found shelter in the

home of some kind Friends who offered him work in their tobacco fields.

With this quiet, happy family the young man lived till late in the autumn. Then once more the big outside world cried, "Come, and see what I have to offer you."

Traveling westward, he landed in the smoky city of Pittsburg, where he found work in a steel factory. "One of the cattle," he afterwards spoke of himself in those days, for when he left the factory at night, he was too tired for either books or pleasure. Yet the time was not lost; he was learning of the wretched way in which thousands of poor immigrants were living, and that some improvements might be made even in free America.

When spring opened there were heavy floods; the river overflowed its banks, and the water poured through the city streets, putting out the fires in the mills. Thousands of workmen became idle. Smallpox and fever seized on some of young Steiner's fellow boarders, and the house was quarantined.

When he was at last free, he left Pittsburg and went to a town named Connellsville,

where he got work in the mines. Early each morning he entered a cage in which he was carried deep down into the bowels of the earth. When he arrived there, the tiny lamp fastened in his cap gave him barely light enough to stumble to the chamber where he was to shovel coal into cars all day long. When night came, and the cage took him up into the clear, outside air once more, only a wretched, noisy boarding house awaited him and a bed to be shared with a big, dirty miner.

Only a short time after young Steiner arrived in Connellsville, there was a strike. Many of the men stopped work. Others, who like himself kept on, were warned that they had better join the strikers.

Then came an exciting day; as he left the mine, he found himself in the midst of a storm of angry shouts, and big lumps of coal came flying about his head. He managed to escape without harm, and the next morning again started bravely for the mine, only to find it surrounded by soldiers. Between him and them was a body of strikers, some of them armed with muskets.

Unafraid, he still pushed on, shortly to find himself in the thick of a fight between the soldiers and the strikers. And then, trying too late to escape danger, he was seized and beaten till he knew nothing more. When he came to his senses, he found himself a prisoner in the county jail.

More than six months passed before young Steiner, with no friend to help him prove his innocence, was allowed to leave the wretched jail, where he had been treated little better than a dog.

Once more he made his way toward the West. That night he slept in an empty coal car and awoke the next morning with sooty clothes and blackened face. Worse still, he was hungry and penniless.

When evening came, a kind-hearted farmer took him in and offered him work. But his heart was now set on reaching Chicago, and the next morning he bade good-by to the farmer who had fed him not only with food for his stomach, but with tender, brotherly advice.

Mile after mile he walked, stopping at different farmhouses over night. Sad to say,

at one of them was a big watchdog which flew at him and bit him furiously. The farmer's daughter rushed out and saved him from still worse harm; he was taken into the house and cared for till his wound healed and he was able to go on his way.

Chicago was reached at last, and then new adventures began. The very first night the stranger was knocked senseless in a saloon where he had gone to inquire about work, and woke up to find himself lying in a dark alley. He managed to crawl back to the street, only to be seized by a policeman and carried to a police station. There he spent the night crowded in among drunken, wicked men.

After he was freed, he got work among some Bohemians who were building a house. They were friendly, good-hearted fellows, and he enjoyed visiting their clubs.

"There are many kind hearts here in America," thought young Steiner, though he felt bitter at the government of the country. It could not be wholly right when he, an innocent man, could be put in prison and kept there as he had been. Chicago, moreover,

seemed to him like a cruel slave driver. And so, before long, the pilgrim was as glad to leave the city as he had been eager to come. He turned eagerly away from the noise and bustle towards the broad harvest fields of Minnesota.

The change to the free prairie life was glorious. Fresh air, a tidy home, good food, and work so pleasant that it seemed like play, filled the days with happiness. But when the harvests had been gathered, there was no more work for young Steiner, and the old question arose, "Where shall I go?"

Southward, he finally decided, as he thought of a place where some fellow passengers on the ship that brought him from Europe had told him they should settle. He sailed down the Mississippi for some distance. Then, leaving the boat, he tramped across country to the town he sought, and here, among a colony of Slovaks, he found work, first in a lumber yard and afterwards in a mine. In his spare hours he taught the Slovaks English and wrote letters for them.

Then came a day when there was a cave-in in the mine where he was working. The man

beside him was crushed to death by a falling rock, but young Steiner was spared.

"Enough of mining," he thought, and he started for a near-by city where an old playmate was living. On reaching the place, he found that the girl's father was very well-to-do and the owner of a mill.

"Poor as I am," thought young Steiner, "I will not make myself known." Nevertheless, he went to the factory and secured work there.

As time went by, he gained courage to call at his employer's house and tell the family of his childhood acquaintance with them. They became interested in him at once.

"A man with such an education should be helped," they declared, and proposed that he should go to a Jewish college in the East. Moreover, the master of the house told his guest he might earn his passage by taking charge of one of his cattle cars about to leave for the East.

Much pleased, young Steiner started out once more. But one night, while walking along the top of a car, he was tripped up by another cattle driver who was unfriendly to

him, and he fell from the train. On it went into the darkness, while he lay crippled in a lonely field, sadly wondering, "What next?"

The accident, which seemed at first so disastrous, proved the beginning of the best fortune the young man had ever known. Stumbling to his feet, he limped into the town some distance away, where a Jewish lady took him into her home and tended him till he was well. Then, through her, he became clerk in a store. He made friends with people who came to the store in the back of which he was allowed to set up a small library; he formed a club for study; he became teacher of a class in literature and modern languages.

He was now enjoying the company of educated people; but he did not forget the immigrants whom he had known in his years of misfortune. He had suffered with them; he had shared their poverty; he knew how they were tempted, and why so many of them fell into bad ways. He had learned to love these people as brothers.

At this time the young man, who had already given up the Jewish faith of his boyhood, turned in longing to the Christ in

whom Christians believe. At last light came as to his future, and he resolved that he would become a Christian minister, for in that way he believed he could best help his fellows.

Not long afterwards Mr. Steiner became an eager student in a seminary where young men were being fitted for the ministry. During his spare hours he helped the pastor of a church on the borders of the slums, showing himself a kind and loving friend to those who had fallen in bad ways. But he was hampered in his work. At the same time he felt he was not getting the help he needed at the seminary. So, hearing that Oberlin College was filled with the spirit of brotherly love, he made his way there, though he was penniless and without a friend in the whole town.

The first passer-by to whom he spoke proved to be the dean of the college, who was deeply interested in the young man's story. He himself had studied at the same German university as this stranger, and had even had the same teachers. He opened the way at once for Mr. Steiner to enter the college.

Three busy, happy years went by, in which

the young man studied under noble instructors. He supported himself at the same time by teaching certain classes, while on Sundays he preached in different churches in the surrounding country.

During his life at Oberlin, Mr. Steiner became a citizen of the United States, and he could now say with pride, "This is my country."

On one bright May day Edward Alfred Steiner received a diploma and went out on his mission to preach and teach. His first church was a small one, but he worked hard among his people. He visited the sick and those in prison; he fought against the saloons where men are led to love strong drink; he helped the poor; he comforted the sorrowing.

During this time he married, gaining for himself a devoted wife and companion. The fortune told the little boy in far-away Austria had come true: he *had* come to America, and he *had* won a rich wife, for the treasures of love and sympathy she brought him were greater possessions than all those that money can buy.

Nearly two years passed in that first

parish. Then came a call to one where the needs of the people were greater, the work harder, and the pay smaller.

"Shall we go?" Mr. Steiner asked his wife, and her instant answer was, "Yes."

The new parish was made up mostly of workmen and their families. Many of them were very poor, and while Mr. Steiner was among them, their wages were cut down, and a strike followed. Money was scarce; the people suffered from cold and hunger, and there was little money to pay the minister. But he and his equally zealous wife bore their hardships bravely and tried then, as always, to show that brotherhood is *real*. They got up boys' and girls' clubs; they taught classes of grown-ups; they advised the workmen in their troubles.

It was very hard, however, for the young minister to "make both ends meet," so after a while he accepted a call to a larger parish with more salary.

In the new parish the meetings were often crowded, for Mr. Steiner had become noted for his sermons. Besides his church duties, he found time to write helpful articles for

the magazines and to fight bravely against the saloon and other evils in his city. During one whole winter he also worked among day-laborers so as to better understand their troubles. Wherever help was needed, he tried to give it.

During this period of his life, he spent two vacations in Europe, visiting Tolstoi and meeting other great men. But there were other vacations which he spent among the immigrants. He went to Ellis Island; he visited mines and mills; he followed the immigrants to different places where he also had once gone, a "greenhorn." Why did he do these things? Because he could afterwards tell the American people exactly what help the immigrants need.

Though Mr. Steiner was happy in his work as a minister, he had many trials because some of his church people did not sympathize with all he did. At last he decided it would be best for him to give up preaching; but he still wished to help his fellow men, and in the best possible way.

"Fit yourself to be a teacher," advised his old friend, the president of Oberlin College.

He wondered how he could do this, as he had a wife and three children to support, and he was still a poor man. But the way opened at once. The editors of the *Outlook* asked him to write for them the life of Tolstoi and offered a large sum of money in advance. Not long afterwards he was on his way to Europe, where he could both write and study. Before many months he was urgently asked to come back to America to teach in Grinnell College, Iowa. The subject was to be the one he loved best; *Applied Christianity* it is called, but these two words really mean *Brotherhood.*

In the year 1902, Mr. Steiner began the work for which he had been so well fitted. He had lived among all kinds of people; he had found the hearts of the Greek and the Italian, the German and the Negro, to be the same. Love all men as you love God and his dear Son; do good to all men: these have been his teachings from that day to this.

Busy have been the years at Grinnell, not only with college duties but with writing. Mr. Steiner has given the world the story of his own life, *Tolstoi the Man*, the *Immigrant Tide*

and still other books, besides many articles for magazines. He has discovered no great invention; he has made no dangerous journeys of adventure to far lands; but he has done, and is doing, what will help to make thousands of people better and happier.

CARL SCHURZ

A PILGRIM FROM GERMANY

In olden times many of the great lords of Europe lived in fortress-homes called castles. In one of these castles, on the left bank of the Rhine River in Germany, Carl Schurz was born on the second day of March, 1829.

The baby's father was a poor schoolmaster, and his mother was the daughter of a farmer who had charge of a count's grand estates. This farmer lived with his family in that part of the castle known as "The Burg," and was himself called Burghalfen, or as we would say in English, the Castle-halver.

When his daughter married, she continued to live with her parents, and thus Carl first opened his eyes in a castle consisting of a number of buildings with high, pointed towers built around the sides of a courtyard. A moat filled with water shut in the compound,

and made it easy in the olden days for the lord of the castle to defend himself against his enemies. The outside world was reached by a drawbridge.

In the part of the castle where Carl lived was a big hall with a high, curved ceiling. Here the boy sometimes watched the farm hands gathered at their meals. As they came marching into the hall, they took their places on either side of a long table before which wooden benches had been placed. With their backs turned towards the table, they repeated a prayer. This over, the foreman gave the signal to sit down by striking the table with the handle of his knife. Carl's grandmother, with a maid to help her, now served food from big iron pots hanging over the fireplace at one side of the room.

Not a word was said as the hungry workers filled their stomachs, first with soup served in big wooden bowls, and then with meat and vegetables. From time to time the foreman handed around chunks of black bread. When he saw that all had eaten their fill, he laid down his knife. Still silent, the workers

now got up, turned their backs to the table, repeated a prayer, and left the building.

Carl's grandmother next served the members of her own family. Dish after dish was carried, smoking hot, up a short flight of steps to the living-room. Here, in big, leather-covered chairs, Carl sat with his parents and grand-parents around their own dining table.

The boy always remembered this room with its large windows overlooking the courtyard, from which he could watch the people and farm wagons below. Often he stood beside his grandmother at a smaller window opening into the folkhall, when the workers gathered there, while now and again the little lady would call down to them, sometimes advising, sometimes chiding. Many a winter evening the boy sat in a corner of the living-room listening to this grandmother's sweet voice, as she sang with her maids while they turned their spinning wheels.

Carl's grandfather was big and strong, with bright, dark eyes and curly, brown hair. His little grandson loved him dearly, as did

every one in the castle. When any one was in trouble, he turned to the Burghalfen for advice. He was so jolly, moreover, that no festival in the country around was thought a success unless he was there to lead the sports.

Carl had many happy times with this big, kind grandfather. But the first things in his life which he afterwards remembered were the trips he made about the castle grounds with his beautiful young mother. He often went with her to the big stables, while the dairymaids went in and out among the cows, filling their pails with rich, sweet milk.

While Carl's mother looked after the maids, he would sit perched high up on a soft bed of hay, peering down at the cows in the dim light. Every cow had its name, and the child would sit and listen as the maids called to them, or sang as they milked.

The little boy always thought of his mother as very beautiful. She had tender, loving eyes and a ready smile, and was brave and cheerful no matter what trouble came to her.

On summer evenings, Carl liked to listen

to the lively tunes which the count's huntsman blew on his horn as he sat on the bridge spanning the moat. Carl thought him a very grand looking person whenever he saw him starting off on a hunt. At such times the man wore a bright-colored uniform trimmed with gold lace; and as he rode along, the tall feathers on his hat waved gayly in the breeze.

Carl was a great favorite with his grandfather, and as soon as the boy was old enough the big man used to take this little grandson with him as he rode over the harvest fields. Sitting fast in the saddle in front of the Burghalfen, Carl followed many a wagonload on its way to the big barns.

When Carl was about four years old, his father and mother decided to have a home of their own. So they moved to the near-by village where Carl's father taught school. The new home was quite different from the big castle; the rooms were small, and the ceilings were so low that when Carl's grandfather came visiting, the top of his head almost touched them.

The walls of the little house were adorned

with bright pictures of the heroes Carl's father loved, and of whom he told many stories to his little son. Moreover, there were plants and song birds in every room, so that Carl was really a rich child: he had books and beauty and music on every hand.

Carl had lived only a short time in his village home when his grandfather became paralyzed, and ever afterwards he was unable to walk. Little Carl went often to see the old man now that he was helpless. During these visits, the Burghalfen told him many stories of old fighting days.

Once, when France had seized that part of the country, the great Napoleon came riding over the drawbridge and marched through the gate with a company of horsemen. Then the castle walls resounded with the shouts of soldiers as they marched about through the halls.

There was another exciting time when the Cossacks from Southern Russia invaded the country. The inmates of the castle fled to the forests, taking with them the cattle and horses, for nothing would be safe from the fierce Cossacks. These warriors had such

strange appetites that they would devour even tallow candles. No drink was too strong for their liking, and they emptied one after another of the huge casks of spirits stored in the cellars. When Carl's grandmother discovered this, she poured mustard, pepper-seeds, and alcohol into a barrel of vinegar. And lo! the Cossacks not only drained the barrel, but even praised this strange drink.

Carl's father, who had been a corporal in his youth, also told the boy war stories. He had marched with his regiment over the field of Waterloo soon after the great battle there.

Carl's little village held many festivals. When the time arrived for each celebration, the people stopped work, dressed themselves in holiday garments, and prepared for a good time that should last for two or three days at least. One of these festivals was the yearly Kirmess.

Booths were set up along the streets, where cheap toys and honey cakes tempted the children to spend their savings. Feasts were spread, at which the older people sat for hours; but the little folks did not linger

at table very long, for there were games to play, and perhaps a juggler from far away was waiting to perform his many tricks.

Each evening there was dancing with lively music. Then came bedtime for the little folks. This did not mean sleep, by any means; to Carl's mind, the best fun of the long happy day was yet to come. As the little home was sure to be crowded with visitors from other villages, Carl and his boy guests must share the same room at night. His mother had prepared for this by covering the floor with straw, thus making one big bed. You can easily imagine that after Carl and his friends went to their room, sleep did not come very quickly. Pillow fight followed pillow fight till the boys could not keep their eyes open any longer.

Carl and his friends looked forward to the yearly "Bird-shooting" even more than to the Kirmess. This great festival took place on Whitsun Monday, but the preparations began the Saturday before. On the afternoon of that day a party of men carrying a long pole with a wooden bird fastened on one end appeared in the village streets.

The boys and youths formed a procession behind the men and marched with them to a large field shaded by tall and beautiful trees. The boys now pressed forward to decorate the bird with flowering sprigs of broom, after which they watched excitedly as the pole was set up against the trunk of one of the trees and lashed into place with ropes.

When this important work was done, the children marched back into the village, each one carrying a bouquet of broom blossoms. The next day being Sunday, there could be no celebration, but early Monday morning the whole village was astir.

Booths were set up in the meadow where the pole stood. At the hour set, a procession formed in front of the homes, and at its head marched an old drummer, gay with flowers and streaming ribbons. Next came a man bearing the banner; behind him were the captains, also decorated with flowers and ribbons.

And then, wearing a magnificent crown of gold tinsel trimmed with flowers, came the winner or "king" of the last year's shoot-

ing match. Around his neck was a silver chain from which dangled many shields, so large that they covered the man's chest, back, and shoulders. These shields bore the names of the "kings" of other years. Behind this glorious monarch came those who were to take part in the shooting that day, each one carrying a rifle on his shoulder. The rest of the villagers filled in the end of the procession. When the meadow was reached, the gay company marched three times around the tree against which the pole had been planted; then all knelt down and repeated together the Lord's prayer; the drum sounded; the last year's king took off his crown and chain; the shooters stood in place, and the exciting contest began.

Each one in turn tried to hit the bird and knock some of the wood away, but as it was bound tightly together with iron bands, this was not an easy matter. At every successful shot, the old drummer beat loudly on his drum. We can imagine Carl eagerly watching the flying splinters; we see him now and then run off to a near-by booth to buy sweetmeats; we hear him join in the ring-

ing cheers of the crowd when the last bit of wood falls to the ground by the successful shot of the victor who immediately becomes the new king.

Carl, with shining eyes, presses into the front of the ring which forms around the fortunate monarch as the crown is placed on his head and the chain of shields fastened about his shoulders. "Happy man," thinks the boy, "he has won a victory before all the world, and great is his reward. It is glorious to be a conqueror."

And then the procession was again formed and marched three times around the tree and back to the village, where a great feast was given at the tavern by the new king. The delightful day ended with a dance.

Carl had a younger brother, Heribert, whom he loved very dearly. Poor as the children's father was, he was determined that his sons should become musicians. With his small savings he bought an old piano without either damper or pedals and on this, six-year-old Carl practiced his first exercises.

As there was no one in the village who knew enough about music to give lessons,

Carl went twice a week to a small town about four miles away. It was a long walk for so small a boy; but sometimes the big mail-coach came thundering along the road, and the driver would bring his horses to a standstill and let the child climb up into the box beside him. When Heribert was old enough, he too was allowed to take music lessons. Then the journey was doubly pleasant to Carl, for he and his brother would sing duets along the way.

Carl's mother had four tall, handsome brothers, all of whom had been soldiers. With them came also another visitor who had a large farm near Libyar. These five men were often at Carl's home; they all read the newspapers; and they talked together of what was going on in far lands, as well as of the affairs in their own country.

Many a time Carl sat unnoticed in a corner of the room, drinking in stories of warfare, or of men shut up in prison because they had risen against an unjust government. During these talks, the little boy also heard of a vast country across the ocean, called the United States. Its people were free, and

their greatest hero was George Washington, who had saved his country from the rule of tyrants.

Besides his relatives, Carl had a grown-up friend who had once been a shoemaker, but because his sight had failed, he was obliged to earn his living by doing errands for the village people. He came often to Carl's house, and as he was both merry and wise, the little boy delighted to be with him.

"Master George," as he was called, believed that every one has a right to think for himself, and should not take for granted what others tell him. He should ask himself, "Is this or that reasonable? Surely the good God wishes people to reason, or He would not have given us minds." Carl never forgot these words.

Another of Master George's beliefs affected Carl's whole life. This man, poor and nearly blind as he was, often said to him: "People do not need riches to make them happy. Look at me. On every hand there is beauty in the world which I am free to enjoy; I have many friends; I have the memory of what I have read. If we want little for

ourselves and act kindly towards others, there is nothing to wish for."

Master George's wise words were so mingled with jokes and stories that they never became tiresome. Afterwards, when Carl grew up and troubles came, the thought of his old friend brought him strength and courage.

When Carl was eight years old, he was sent to a school in a neighboring town. In summer he went back and forth every day, walking eight miles each time; but in winter he boarded in the town with a kind widow.

One dark day, after the close of school, he went to his boarding place and found his father waiting with the sad news that Heribert was dead. It seemed almost too terrible to believe that this dear brother was never again to share his sports and pleasures.

Carl usually had excellent reports of his studies to take home. One day, however, the boy joined in some sports with his playmates and failed to learn his Latin lesson. There was consequently a bad mark on the weekly report.

When Carl looked at it he thought, "I can

never show this to my father." So, when he reached home on Saturday afternoon, he pretended that the teacher had failed to give him a report. As he was a straightforward lad and unused to telling falsehoods, he stammered so much that his father saw something was wrong. He began to question Carl, and the boy admitted that he had told an untruth.

His father said sadly: "You have failed to do your duty. Don't you think that you deserve a whipping?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But please give it to me in the cow-stable where no one can see or hear."

His father agreed to this, and the whipping was given in the cow-stable. The boy felt such shame over his wrongdoing and the punishment that followed that he did not enter the cow-stable again for several months.

When Carl was ten years old, he went to the gymnasium at Cologne. As fortune would have it, he brought ridicule on himself the first day at the gymnasium by marching into the schoolroom, carrying under his arm a slate such as he had used in the village school.

The boys on either hand began to laugh and poke fun at him.

"Look at that fellow. He has a slate," shouted one. Carl was filled with shame and anger. He would have liked "to have it out" with the boy then and there, but at that moment the teacher entered the room, and the class came to instant order.

Carl's teacher, Professor Bone, had his students write compositions about things that interested them, such as the houses, pictures, and different kinds of people they knew. Carl's compositions pleased his teacher so much that he had many of them printed in a reader which he prepared for his pupils.

At the gymnasium Carl learned much about the past history of his country and the present troubles that beset it, divided as it was into a number of small states, each having its own ruler. Of these Prussia was by far the largest and most powerful.

Carl himself was a Rhinelander. Only a short time before, his people had been under French rule, but after the last war their village had become a part of Prussia, and

they were therefore governed by the King of Prussia. For many reasons they were not pleased with the change and were angry at the sight of Prussian officers in their midst.

"We should have more freedom, both in our speech and our newspapers," thought Carl. Then came a chance, as he thought, to express his opinion in one of his compositions.

The students' papers were handed in to the professor and a few days afterwards were returned with his corrections. At the end of Carl's, he had written that the ideas expressed were dangerous. When the class was over, he called the lad to his side.

"Such a paper ought not to have been written in a royal Prussian gymnasium," he said. Then he added, "And take care that it does not happen again."

Though Carl saw that he must hereafter guard himself as to what he wrote, he thought, "I am still free to think and to talk."

During the summer vacations, Carl went home to the little village of Libyar. He was held in much honor by the simple village people who called him "the studying boy"

because he was a student in the gymnasium of a big city.

During one of these vacations the yearly Shooting Festival took place, and Carl was the one who succeeded in bringing down the bird. The boy was led forth to be made king, his heart beating wildly as the tinsel crown was placed on his head, and the chain, heavy with silver shields, was hung about his shoulders.

Now it happened that though Carl was the rightful winner, he had acted as substitute for an old washerwoman, and according to the rules which governed the shooting, she too must be adorned with flowers and ribbons. Not only this, — she should have the honor of marching arm in arm with the victor as the procession made its way back to the village.

Up to this time Carl had looked upon the "king" of this festival as a very grand person; but now, at the moment of his own success, he saw the laughable side of the matter, and his pride had a sudden fall.

Carl had little pocket money, but once in a while, when on a visit home, his father put

into his pocket a piece of money worth about twelve and one half cents. This small sum would last the young fellow for several weeks.

Yet Carl never felt poor, for the words of his old friend, Master George, had sunk deep into his mind. A certain dream also kept him happy: as soon as he had finished the training in the gymnasium, he was to enter the university.

Only one year separated him from his goal when a great misfortune came to the family: Carl's father, through no fault of his, was cast into a debtors' prison. The boy was only seventeen years old at the time, but he set to work at once to find out how the unfortunate prisoner could be set free. As for himself, it seemed as though his dream about the university could never come true. However, his strong will overcame every difficulty; he succeeded in satisfying his father's creditors, and the unfortunate man was soon liberated. He next found a way by which he could take special studies at the university in which he afterwards became a regular student.

Almost as soon as Carl began his studies

in the university, a body of students, called the Franconia Society, invited him to join their number. This was a great honor, as the members of the society were unusually bright fellows. They came from different parts of Germany, and Carl's acquaintance with them gave him many new ideas.

For each meeting, one of the members wrote a humorous paper which was read aloud before all. The other members had already heard that Carl, country lad though he was, had skill in writing. Consequently he was anxious to "make good." One day he handed in a paper, but was so shy that he let only one friend know who had written it.

At the next meeting it was read, and its wit brought forth so much praise and laughter that the students demanded to know the writer's name. Carl's friend winked at him and whispered, "May I not tell?" At the same moment another student declared that he knew the handwriting. All eyes were turned toward the blushing, bashful Carl; then the whole company crowded about him, shouting his praises. From then on he was looked upon as a fellow of promise.

During his university life, young Schurz was under the teaching of Professor Gottfried Kinkel whom he deeply admired. Professor Kinkel often invited Carl to his home, where the young student met many thoughtful men and women. With their wise host to lead them, they talked freely of the condition of Germany and the need of greater liberty for her people.

Carl could never forget one morning in the early part of 1848. He sat in his room writing when a friend rushed in, crying: "What, you sitting here? Don't you know what has happened?"

And when the visitor went on to say that a revolution had broken out in France, young Schurz dropped his pen and rushed with his friend to the market place, where the different student societies often gathered. Already it was crowded with young men excited by the feeling that here a revolution was needed to bring about a united German empire.

During the days that followed, the young men's minds were filled with thoughts of war.

News soon came of a revolution in Aus-

tria. There were also uprisings in the different cities of Prussia.

"We will send a petition to the King," said the students at Bonn, when they heard the news.

A big procession made up of all classes of people marched through the streets. Professor Kinkel, bearing a banner of blue, red, and gold, headed the procession. When the city hall was reached, he made a noble speech pleading for a great and free Germany. At his words, the people burst into loud shouts. In the midst of the uproar, news arrived that the soldiers at Berlin had fired on the people, and at this very moment a fight was raging between the troops and the citizens.

After a few days of terrible excitement, the King, finding he had tried his subjects too far, withdrew his troops and promised a better and freer government.

Months passed. The King of Prussia failed to keep his promises, and again there was great unrest. The students at the universities took an active part in the general excitement. Among those looked up to as

leaders was Carl Schurz, though he was only nineteen years old. At this time he made his first speech. It was in the university hall at Bonn, crowded with eager, earnest people. But the young man was not afraid, because he thought only of his wish to give help. When the speech ended and the hall rang with the applause of his listeners, it seemed to him as if he had suddenly awakened from a dream.

Each day brought news of more trouble. The people of Germany outlined a constitution; they asked the King of Prussia to be emperor of a united kingdom; but he refused, because he thought the constitution gave the people too many rights. When this was known, a revolution broke out.

"There is only one thing for me to do," thought young Schurz. "I must fight for the rights of my people."

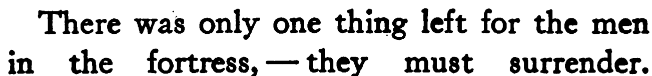
Well afterwards did he remember hurrying home to bid his family good-by. It was early evening when he entered the house and told his story. His parents, not at all surprised, encouraged him to fight in what they believed to be a just cause. His

noble mother even went to his room, took down his sword, and begged that he use it with honor. With one last look out of his window at the peaceful Rhine and the mountains beyond, Carl Schurz left his quiet home to join a body of patriots under Professor Kinkel.

Young Schurz was soon made a lieutenant in the revolutionary army and found himself in the thick of battle. He felt no fear, however, though at first he had to force himself not to duck his head as the bullets whizzed about him.

The very next day after his appointment young Schurz took part in another engagement, after which he was ordered to take a message from a higher officer to a fortified town. Shortly after he arrived there, the fortress was surrounded, and the young lieutenant was unable to get back to his company. As the siege went on, news came that the revolutionary army had been forced back into Switzerland and had given up their arms.

There was only one thing left for the men in the fortress, — they must surrender.



Young Schurz knew what this meant, as far as he was concerned. Since he was a Prussian, he must expect death as a Prussian rebel. The thought of losing his life gave him no fear, but to lose it at the hands of the Prussians seemed unbearable.

The time for surrender was fast drawing near, and the next morning the gates of the garrison would be thrown open. If only he could escape! But how? Ah, in the village there was a new sewer which had not as yet been used for drainage.

"I can make my way through this sewer," thought Schurz, "and steal on from there through the country beyond to the Rhine River; then, if a boat is handy, I can reach the French country on the other side."

But first of all, he must bid good-by to his faithful servant Adam.

When Adam heard the news, he declared instantly: "Where you go, I go. I will not leave you."

"But there will be great danger in the undertaking," said Lieutenant Schurz; "and if you stay here your life will be spared, since you are not a Prussian."

"Danger or no danger, I keep you company," was the prompt reply.

Just then a friend of Schurz, a brother officer, passed the window. This young man, being a Prussian, must also expect death if he remained in the fortress. Young Schurz called him inside and told him of his plan of escape.

"Good! I will go with you," he said.

Shortly afterwards, the three left the room and followed the garrison then marching through the street. Arriving at a side lane, the fugitives entered it without attracting attention. Soon they reached the opening into the sewer and crept inside. The roof was so low that they had to bend their knees and backs as they plodded along through a shallow stream of water. It was very dark, except for occasional manholes, as night set in. The fugitives must have reached the middle of the sewer when young Schurz suddenly struck his foot against a piece of board. He lifted it and stretched it across the sewer from one side to the other. It fitted tightly enough to form a seat, on which the men, tired and aching, could sit down and rest.

Suddenly a heavy rain began to fall and

came pouring down through the manholes in torrents. The water in the bottom of the sewer rose rapidly until only the heads of the men were above it. They could now feel living creatures, probably rats, rushing past to escape from the flood.

"We must move on, else we will be drowned," said Schurz.

The three pushed on, soon to find the way barred by an iron grating. Their hearts sank, but Schurz quickly discovered that the grating did not quite reach the bottom, and there was room enough below for the men to crawl through to the other side. Working their way through, they pressed on till they reached the opening from the sewer into the ditch. Alas! A Prussian guard was standing outside, and they heard him call to a passer-by, "Who goes there?"

Only one thing remained for them to do, — follow the sewer back to the town. Adam, who had a cousin living near the entrance, said: "I will ask her to give us a hiding place in her barn."

The rain had stopped, and the three men managed to make their way back into the

town till they came to the house of Adam's cousin. When the woman saw them, she was filled with horror. Prussian soldiers were about to quarter in her barn. If they should discover the fugitives, they might kill her and her children as well as the fugitives. But she spoke of a ditch not far away nearly covered with brush.

The unfortunate men crept to the ditch and lay there almost hopeless, for they could hear soldiers passing along the road. Close to them, however, was the home of a working man, who soon came out of the house.

"All over Germany the laboring people are on our side," thought young Schurz, "so I will ask help of this man."

Accordingly he threw a chip of wood, which hit the man's arm, and coughed. The man looked over toward the ditch, saw Schurz, listened to his story, and seemed friendly. As soon as there was a chance of their not being seen by passers-by, he led the three fugitives to a shed and pointed out a tiny loft hidden above some tool chests. Then he went away, promising to come back with food.

Schurz and his companions crawled up into the loft, which was just large enough to hold them if they lay close together. Four long hours passed. Then a body of Prussian horsemen entered the shed and began fixing it for their horses. The stowaways were wet and hungry; their throats were parched; and the air of the loft was heavy with dust. Yet they dared not move. Night came, followed by another long day. Then night again, and a second terrible day; all this time they were without food or drink.

During the third night, a last hope came to young Schurz. Not far away was a second hut. If only word could be got to the man who lived there while the soldiers below were sleeping! But Schurz himself did not dare to move, for he was wedged in between his two companions. If he tried to crawl over the body of his brother officer who lay next to the opening, he might make a noise. So in a low whisper, he explained his plan to his friend, who started out at once on the dangerous undertaking. Soon afterwards he returned to the loft with a piece of bread, and an apple picked up under a tree. In another

moment the bread and apple had been divided among the three starving men.

Even better than the food was good news: the man in the hut had promised to bring not only food, but word about the Prussian guards and any possible chance of escape.

The new friend kept his word. The very next day he came with provisions and hopeful news: the sewer opening was no longer guarded, and he would try to have a boat ready to take them across the Rhine.

All went well. The next night Schurz and his friends escaped from the shed while the soldiers were sleeping heavily from drink. Unnoticed, they stole past the sentry and reached the workman's house, where his wife had a delicious feast of hot beef broth, meat, and potatoes ready for them.

Then came the flight to the sewer, through which they passed in safety. An hour's tramp brought them to the bank of the Rhine, where the hoped-for boat waited in readiness. On the farther shore they would find safety and liberty.

When young Schurz found himself on French soil, he was so gloriously happy that

he shouted with joy. Learning that in the near-by town of Salz there were other German fugitives, he hastened there. In Salz he heard that his beloved friend Kinkel was a Prussian prisoner. With a heavy heart, Schurz started for Switzerland to make plans for the future with friends who had gone there.

There he fell ill and for a time felt quite hopeless. Loving letters came from his father and his friends at Bonn, together with a purse filled with gold. His joy at receiving these helped to make him well, and he settled down to hard study to fit himself for teaching.

He could not, however, forget his dear friend Kinkel shut up in a dungeon. Then came a letter from Kinkel's wife, begging him to help her husband escape.

"Such a noble man," he thought, "who could do so much for Germany, must not spend his life in a dungeon. But what can I, Carl Schurz, young and almost unknown, do for my friend? If I tried to save him, I should probably fail, besides losing my own life and so bringing trouble to my family.

Besides, would my parents wish me to try?"

Schurz now thought of his mother and how she girded on his sword when he was about to enter the Revolution. Surely she would say, "Go, and save your friend." Yes, he must do what he could.

To begin with, he must go back to the Fatherland, where he would be arrested if the government officers should discover him. There he must seek out other friends of Kinkel to help him.

On arriving in the city where Kinkel was imprisoned, Schurz found that the undertaking was even more difficult than he had dreamed. There were streets on all four sides of the prison. Kinkel's cell was high up in the second story; its one window was barred with iron, outside of which was strong lattice work, and was guarded still further at night by a heavy wooden shutter.

Yet Carl would not give up. While he was making his preparations, he was obliged to move about very secretly, changing from one disguise to another. He secured a devoted friend to work his way into the prison,

bribe the turnkey, and get a rope and letter into Kinkel's hands. He engaged other friends to be present at the time of escape from the prison, with a carriage and stout horses to carry Kinkel and himself across the country to the ocean. All these preparations must suit the time when a vessel would be ready to sail away, and an agreement could be made with the captain to receive the two fugitives as passengers.

The first attempt failed. The next night it was repeated, and Schurz, standing in the shadow of the prison, gave the signal. Instantly he saw a dark object high up on the wall; then, slowly, Kinkel began to lower himself on a slender rope. Pieces of brick and of mortar broke away from the wall as he touched it; they fell in a shower about him, but he managed to reach the ground in safety.

An instant afterwards the two men were being driven rapidly away. Mile after mile was covered by the stout horses, with only a single stop at a tavern, where friends were waiting with a change of clothing for Kinkel and a hasty meal for all. Then once more the carriage sped onward.

"Boom up! Boom up!" the driver called to his horses as they passed each toll gate. Town after town was left behind till the coast was reached at last, and the fugitives boarded the ship. As the two wanderers sailed away, they realized that they were homeless pilgrims about to seek safety and fortune in strange lands.

After a stormy voyage, Schurz and Kinkel stepped on shore at Leeds, Scotland, where they ate a hearty meal at a hotel, bought some clothing, and then took a train for London.

From London they hastened on to Paris, where Professor Kinkel's wife and children had come to join him. Here young Schurz settled down to support himself by writing articles for the revolutionary German newspapers. After a while he joined Professor Kinkel, who was teaching in London. Soon after he arrived in that city, he also began to teach. In his spare hours he met many interesting people, some of whom were patriots who had sought safety in England from other countries and who were glad to know the brave young German.

Though his life was a pleasant one, there came a time when young Schurz said to himself: "England will never seem to me like home, while there is no chance for me to return to Germany. Where shall I go?"

He at once thought of America. "I will seek my fortune in the great land across the ocean," he decided. Soon afterwards he set sail for the United States; but he was not alone, for he had beside him a beautiful young wife, the sister of another German exile.

On a bright morning in September, 1852, Carl Schurz and his young wife entered the harbor of New York. The big American city was very interesting to these two pilgrims. They went to the theaters and museums; they visited the parks; they watched the crowds in the busy streets. Since Mr. Schurz had no intention of making his home in New York, the young couple soon went to Philadelphia, where friends from home were now settled. They enjoyed the quaint old city so much that they spent the next three years there.

During this time Mr. Schurz made trips

to Washington, where he visited Congress and listened to the speeches of the leading men of the country. He wished to learn all he could about America — her people, her laws, and her customs. He heard debates about slavery in Congress and thought: "Slavery has no place in a free country. No, not even if the slaves are black men."

At length Mr. Schurz decided to settle in a home of his own. "It must not be in a city," he thought. "It will be far better to go West, where America is being made." There was another reason also: Mr. Schurz's parents and sisters had come from Germany and made their home in the State of Wisconsin, and he wished to be near them.

Not long after this, the young couple began keeping house on the outskirts of a Wisconsin town where Mr. Schurz spent happy years writing, entertaining friends and relations, studying law, and getting acquainted with his adopted country. He admired it greatly; yet, since the number of its people was constantly growing larger, its conditions were changing, and he saw there should be new laws to meet new needs. He began to

make public speeches to help the party most interested in the changes he thought necessary.

He could not as yet speak easily in English, but there were many gatherings of German settlers with whom he could use his own language. It was not long before the people in that part of the country were talking a great deal about the young orator, Carl Schurz, — he spoke so well and so understandingly; he was so sensible and wise. His fame spread rapidly, and he had lived in this country only long enough to be made an American citizen when he was chosen to run for the high office of lieutenant-governor.

Though he was not elected, Mr. Schurz was little troubled. He was too much interested in the question then before the country: Could the United States be truly free so long as there were slaves in it? Mr. Schurz had chosen America for his home because he thought it the grandest, freest country in the world; therefore it seemed wrong to him that black people should be bought and sold like cattle. In the year 1858 he spoke

on this subject in English. The words came from the depths of his heart and stirred his listeners strongly, and the speech was afterwards printed in journals all over the country.

"Who is the young German, Carl Schurz?" was asked in all directions. "And how is it that after living in the United States for so short a time, he can speak so understandingly about conditions here?"

In the year after this great speech, Mr. Schurz moved with his family to Milwaukee where he began to practice law. He also made many speeches, sometimes in German, sometimes in English in which he could now express himself easily. With all his public work, he did not neglect his lovely young wife nor the children who had been born to the happy couple. There were evenings of story-telling; there was singing, which Mr. Schurz led with his fine voice; there was the reading aloud of favorite books. It was a happy household, made so largely by the merry, tender-hearted husband and father.

An important question shortly had to be answered by the people of the United States:

Should the poor and humble rail-splitter, Abraham Lincoln, be made President? Mr. Schurz took an eager and important part in the debates at this time. He spoke with such eloquence that when Lincoln was elected, he rewarded the German-American orator by making him Minister to Spain.

In the month of July, 1861, Mr. Schurz again crossed the ocean; but how different was this voyage from the one eleven years before! Then he was seeking a home which had been denied him in his fatherland; now it was as a man honored by the whole world, and as one of the most important citizens of the United States.

Mr. Schurz did not remain long in Spain. The Civil War had begun to rage in America, and the patriot felt that he could give greater help to his adopted country at home than abroad. So, after a short visit to Germany, he sailed for the United States in January of the year 1862.

As soon as he reached home, he offered himself as a soldier in the Union Army, where he was given the rank of brigadier-general. So bravely did he serve that a few

months afterwards he was made major-general. He took part in some of the most dangerous battles of the war, but in other ways also he helped his country. Many times when the people needed more faith and courage, Schurz left his army post long enough to make stirring speeches, now in one place and now in another.

No one was more glad than Carl Schurz when the war came to an end. There was still much to do for his country, however, and for several months the patriot worked faithfully for the government, helping to bring about a better understanding among the different States.

Afterwards Mr. Schurz began work of his own, first as the editor of a newspaper in Detroit, and afterwards of one in St. Louis. Yet he still often spoke in public. In 1868 his forceful words did much towards making the people choose General Grant for President. The very next year Mr. Schurz himself was made a senator of the United States, being the first man born in Germany to reach such a high position in this country.

The next few years were perhaps the most

noticeable in the life of this remarkable man, for he was engaged in a steady, determined fight against laws that he considered wrong. Again and again he alone saw possible danger and needed reform. He looked far ahead of others, proposing changes, some of which are only now being carried out by our government. Even when people were not able to see matters with eyes as clear as his, they were forced to admire the brilliancy of Schurz's speeches and the wonderful choice of words in a language which he had only lately learned.

Mr. Schurz was senator for six years, doing noble work. He was not re-elected at the end of his term, simply because he had worked steadily for what he thought was right whether his party believed in it or not. Nevertheless, when he left the senate, a great banquet was given in his honor. He then went on a visit to his fatherland, now only too glad to welcome him.

Soon afterwards Mr. Schurz returned to the United States, where he began to make stirring speeches in favor of the next president, Mr. Hayes, who he believed would try

to carry out some needed reforms. When this new president was elected, he made Schurz a member of his cabinet. On hearing the news, some people said: "H'm! Carl Schurz is a dreamer. He isn't practical enough to be a member of the President's cabinet."

Before long these grumblers found that a man can have sensible dreams. Moreover, they discovered that the new secretary quickly detected wrongdoing and saw the way to overcome it. Among other things he pointed out the dishonest work of government agents sent to the Indians, and through his untiring efforts many changes were brought about for the good of the red men.

When Mr. Schurz's term of office ended, he moved with his family to New York, where he became editor of one of its leading newspapers. In his spare hours, he wrote a life of Henry Clay, the American orator and patriot. The book was written in such excellent English that Mr. Schurz became noted not only as a great orator and statesman, but as an author. Years passed by, and still this true patriot was interested in everything concerned with the good of the

United States. He continued to make speeches and write articles in behalf of what he thought was right and helpful, and to criticize whatever he believed wrong.

When Mr. Schurz had become an old man, his children begged him to write the story of his life. To please them he set to work, and finished his task only a few days before his death on a beautiful May morning in the year 1906.

Carl Schurz was a brave soldier, a great statesman, and a brilliant orator. He was loving and kindly towards all about him; he was without pride or longing for wealth; he never sought praise. That for which his name stands above all else is his love of the truth. He did whatever his conscience told him was right, whether it was the rescue of a friend at the risk of his own life, or the attempt to bring about some just law.

Would that America had more citizens like this pilgrim from Germany, who worked so faithfully for his adopted land and whose motto was: "My country, right or wrong. If right, to be kept right; if wrong, to be put right."

NATHAN STRAUS

A PILGRIM FROM BAVARIA

In the year 1848 a young Jewish merchant, Abraham Straus, and his wife were living in the town of Otterberg in Bavaria. They were very happy in their home; already there was a little three-year-old son in the family, and now a second baby, Nathan, had come to be the playmate and companion of his brother.

Outside the home there was much to trouble the devoted father. There was great unrest in the land. The people were held under the laws of rulers who were often unjust, as Bavaria and the other kingdoms of Germany were not yet united under one government. The young merchant's business suffered because of the hard conditions under which he lived.

Little Nathan was too young to understand his father's troubles. He and his

brother Isidor played and frolicked like other small boys and were doubtless delighted when a new brother, Oscar, came into the family to be loved and petted.

The homeland was very beautiful. Not far distant was the river Rhine with castles and cliffs along its shores. There were dark forests in the country around where, for all Nathan knew, fairies and gnomes and other wonderful creatures might dwell. There were vineyards where luscious grapes ripened in the autumn, and lakes whose clear waters reflected the clouds as they floated in the sky overhead. It was a land where the people loved music, and long walks in the fields and meadows, and frolics and story-telling. A peaceful land it seemed. Yet the hearts of many of those who dwelt there were unhappy and discontented.

Among those who most longed for greater freedom was the merchant Abraham Straus. And when matters kept growing worse, and the people had risen up against the unjust rule of their princes, he decided that Bavaria was not a good home for his family. He felt sure he could support them better

in some other place. Also he wished his little sons to grow up under happier conditions.

What country should he seek where freedom could be obtained? There was one answer — America. Accordingly, when Nathan was six years old, the Straus family set out on a long voyage across the ocean, bound for the United States.

Unlike great numbers of immigrants, they did not settle in the northern part of the country, but sought the sunny South and made their home in Talbotten, Georgia. Everything around him must have seemed strange to little Nathan. The climate was much warmer than in Bavaria, and the joyous outdoor life of the long southern summers must have delighted his boyish heart. The many negroes, with kinky hair and merry laughter, were interesting because people of the black race were seldom seen in his homeland.

During his life in Talbotten, Nathan went to school with his brothers. His deep, thoughtful eyes took note of many things besides books, and before many years he

showed that, like his father, his bent in life would be business.

When the Straus family moved to Georgia, this country was becoming disturbed by the question whether the black people should be held as slaves. There was great excitement in the Straus household when the Civil War broke out, because the family had already become devoted to their adopted home.

"I cannot stand back," declared Isidor, then only sixteen years old, and he became a lieutenant in a Georgia regiment. However, he was so young that he was not allowed to fight.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Straus moved with his family to Columbus, Georgia. The war had made it hard for him to succeed in business in Talbotten, but he hoped to be more fortunate in Columbus. Alas, trouble still followed him. He fell deeply in debt, and the sky of fortune looked very black.

"I will go to New York and make a new start there," he finally decided.

Accordingly, the family moved once more and settled in the great northern city, where Isidor and his father started the pottery and

glassware business of Straus and Son. Nathan continued to go to school and soon entered a business college to fit himself for what he and his parents had decided should be his life work. Then, still scarcely more than a boy, he joined his father and older brother, working hard and manfully.

At last the time came when the three could draw long breaths of contentment and say: "Our debts are all paid; now we are free to mount the ladder of fortune."

In the meantime Nathan's younger brother Oscar, who had shown a love of study, entered Columbia University and began to fit himself to become a lawyer. All three brothers were now succeeding in what they had undertaken. They must have filled their parents' hearts with pride, not only because they seemed likely to prosper in the world, but because they had broad, loving natures, happy in making others joyous and comfortable as well as themselves.

Nathan had been engaged in business a number of years when, at twenty-seven, he married a young girl named Lina Gutherz. With his wife to cheer him at home when

the business cares of the day ended, he worked steadily on, winning one success after another.

As time passed by, he became a partner in the great department store of R. H. Macy and Company of New York City. Four years later he entered the firm of Abraham Straus and Company. It would seem as though the fairy Success must have given this young man a magic wand, since everything he touched appeared to turn to gold. This fairy, however, generally waits only on those who have wills of their own. And since Mr. Nathan Straus not only had will but energy and perseverance, Success smiled on him at every step which he took up the ladder of fortune.

While this young merchant was busily gaining wealth, and while he could say, "I have a beautiful home and all the luxuries and comforts man can wish," he did not become selfish and forget that there were many other people who were poor and sick and suffering. In the great city where he lived there were blocks and blocks of houses where the homes were happy and comfortable, whose inmates did not know what it

means to be hungry and poorly clad; but there was also a quarter of the city where families were packed together in dark, dirty tenements, and where the sun scarcely showed his face. In these tenements lived thousands of ailing babies. The milk the little ones drank was often poor. Moreover, as Mr. Straus had come to believe, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other dread diseases were often concealed in this milk. What followed? Out of every thousand babies, nearly one hundred died each year.

Mr. Straus felt sad when he thought of the children of the slums. He wished they might have a chance to grow up healthy and happy like the rosy-cheeked little folks who laughed and frolicked in the part of the city where he lived.

It was not Mr. Straus's way to think and not act. "The slum babies must be helped," he said to himself. He also considered what was the best way to give that help.

Across the ocean, in Europe, scientists were discussing the nature of milk and making experiments as to the way in which it might become harmless. Among these scientists

was a Frenchman named Pasteur. Mr. Straus was so much interested in these experiments that he crossed the ocean to learn all he could about them.

Before long, Pasteur believed he had succeeded in what he was trying to do, — he had found the way to make milk a safe drink without changing its nature: it should be heated to a certain point, kept at this heat for twenty minutes, and then suddenly cooled. All the scientists, however, were not ready to agree with Pasteur.

"His idea is interesting," they said, "but he has not, as yet, given us enough proof that he is right."

A congress was held at Brussels in Belgium. Leading physicians and scientists from many countries were gathered to discuss whether Pasteur's experiment would do what he claimed.

Nathan Straus was present, eager and interested. As the hours went by, it began to look as though the greater number of men did not stand by Pasteur. When the vote should be taken, it would show that most men of science considered Pasteur's idea had no value.

Mr. Straus, who believed in it strongly, was deeply excited. A chance came for him to speak, and he stood up before the great gathering and began to defend Pasteur with all his might. He could speak only English, of which most of those present knew little; but as he went on talking, he put something into his speech that was stronger than words: it was his faith in what he thought would bring help to millions of babies and which must not be lost to the world.

That faith made itself felt. It stirred the hearts of his listeners. They forgot everything else in a willingness to believe in what the speaker believed. And when the vote was taken, the greater number stood by Nathan Straus. He had fought for what he believed was a good cause, and he had won.

Many of the greatest physicians of Europe and America were now agreed that milk, after being pasteurized, could impart no disease. Nathan Straus also, though no scholar and untrained in medicine, had studied the matter carefully. He had watched the tests made by the physicians; he had listened to their explanations; and as his

speech in Brussels had shown, he felt sure that great good would come from the discovery. With his heart full of love and pity for helpless babies, he said to himself, "If I can prevent it, the children of the poor shall not die from the lack of pure milk to nourish them."

He at once began work in his home city. First of all, he set up booths in the public parks. At these booths, poor mothers could get pasteurized milk for their little ones at about half price. Under Mr. Straus's direction, pasteurized milk was also furnished to the Health Department and to the physicians who practiced in the slums, to be distributed wherever weak and sickly babies needed it.

Mr. Straus put will and strength into this work. His business was important; he enjoyed it, and it brought him wealth. But once having found a way to do great good, he could not neglect it, and so, though his fortune might have increased still faster if he had given all his time to business, he gave much to the help of the babies of New York. Almost at once a change could be noticed.

Babies who were given up to die got well. Others who were pale and weak grew rosy and strong. Thousands of mothers began to bless the merchant, Nathan Straus, calling him the savior of their little ones. Surely he was striving to carry out the teaching of the Christ who so loved little children.

Strange to say, there were people in the city who, though perhaps doing little themselves for the good of others, sat back and found fault with Mr. Straus. They said: "Why does he let every one know that it is he who does the good work? Why does he let his name be known? Why not give his money to some charitable society, and let it take charge of the work?"

Mr. Straus did not trouble himself about this criticism. He felt that more good could be done in his own particular way, and that was under his own name. Thus the work went on, till it could be said that a far smaller number of babies died each year than before pasteurized milk was used. In the meantime, thousands of little children who would otherwise have died and left aching hearts behind them were growing up healthy and happy.

Mr. Straus's interest in babies was not confined to those in New York alone. He soon began to think of other cities in this country where children were having a hard time to grow up. He got the people of these cities interested; by this time they knew what pasteurized milk had done in New York. He gave not only advice, but money to these cities to help them take up the same kind of work. Then he turned his eyes towards Europe. Help was needed in her crowded cities, and help he accordingly gave. In Belgium, Germany, and Great Britain, as well as in America, the benefactor, Nathan Straus, became known as the "Savior of Babies."

Mr. Straus's heart was big with love and pity for helpless children, but he also had pity for all kinds of suffering. His own beautiful home was as warm and comfortable in winter as in summer; Jack Frost had no chance to enter there. Nevertheless, the kind-hearted merchant did not let himself forget that thousands of men, women, and children were huddled together in fireless rooms when the weather was freezing, and

that some of them even perished from the cold.

"I must help these people," he said to himself.

He considered how he could give that help and soon decided on what seemed the best way. He would set up depots of coal in the districts where the poor lived; and if people were suffering for need of coal, they could get it at cost at these depots. The plan was promptly carried out, and in the cold and dreary days of winter, many a poor, unfortunate creature blessed the name of Nathan Straus.

Then came the winter of 1894–1895. There was a panic in money matters, and the poor suffered most of all. Many of them had no place to call home; there was no door which they might open and say, "Within, I can seek shelter from the cruel wind."

Stories of these homeless people came to Mr. Straus, and he decided that such unfortunates must be helped. Accordingly he set up lodging houses here and there throughout the city, where those who were homeless might obtain shelter.

In the year 1909 the news of a terrible earthquake in Italy came to this country. Many people had been destroyed, while others were homeless and destitute. Mr. Straus was deeply moved. These people needed help at once, so without wasting any time, he rushed supplies on board ships to be carried as quickly as possible to the sufferers across the ocean.

The "Savior of Babies" was by this time well-known in this country. Consequently, when different nations decided to hold a Congress for the Protection of Infants, Mr. Taft, who was then our President, chose Nathan Straus to represent the United States. Accordingly, the tender-hearted Jew sailed to Europe and in the Congress held at Berlin gave wise council.

In course of time Mr. Straus held important offices in his own State. He became a member of the New York Forest Preserve Board, because of his interest in keeping the beautiful forests from being destroyed. As he was also much interested in public parks, because they give pleasure to so many people, he was made a park commissioner in New York.

In 1914, he was asked to run for mayor of New York City, but he did not accept the offer. He had other interests to which he wished to devote his time.

Mr. Straus's brothers, Isidor and Oscar, were also wise and noble men. Mr. Oscar Straus held many positions of trust under the government. He served under four different presidents. At one time he was Minister to Turkey, and while there did much to introduce good schools into the country. He also made the people feel more kindly towards Christian missionaries.

Isidor Straus, the oldest son in the family, was respected by all who knew him. Though he was a successful and wealthy merchant, he still found time to interest himself in the poor and tried to help them. He was one of the founders of what is called the "People's Palace" in the East Side of the city, where most of the slums are found. He was deeply loved by his family and friends.

In the year 1912 this good merchant was on his way from Europe in the steamer *Titanic*. All went "merry as a marriage bell" till one day there came a sudden and terrible

shock,—the steamer had run into an iceberg. So great was the harm done that she must sink in a few minutes. The life-boats were quickly manned, but there was not room to hold all the passengers. "Women and children first," commanded the captain. "Their lives must be spared if possible, at any rate."

But when Mrs. Isidor Straus's turn came to enter a life-boat, she refused; she could not chose life for herself and leave her husband to die alone.

"We have been so long together we cannot separate now," she said, and the two were left side by side on the fast-sinking ship, to share the death that was now close at hand.

The dear ones at home felt great sorrow when they received the sad news. But even then Nathan Straus did not think of himself alone. His heart ached all the more deeply for the sorrows of others. He was a Jew, and he loved the Jewish people. But this very love had long since widened into a love for all men of all creeds. Now, as he pictured Isidor and his wife meeting death together so bravely, he pictured also the hundreds of others, of different races and different beliefs,

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood. N.Y.

NATHAN STRAUS.

going down together "in a brotherhood of death."

"If one could only hope," he said, "for a brotherhood of life."

He had already done much to foster such a spirit and now he was determined to give all his time to this cause, instead of part of it. So it came to pass that one day the American people learned that the rich merchant, Nathan Straus, had given up business. It was not to "take life easy," however, like many another man after making a fortune, but to devote himself to the good of others. He had already given away large sums of money, — probably as much as two million dollars. He had saved the lives of countless babies. He had founded an institute where hydrophobia could be cured in a way discovered by Pasteur. He had built a hospital where consumptive people could be made well. He had brought comfort to thousands of men, women, and children suffering from cold and want. He had led other cities and countries to follow his example in caring for the sick and needy. What more was it possible for this sad-eyed, thoughtful man to accomplish?

Mr. Straus's heart was still aching from the loss of his brother when he went on a visit to Palestine. The place was full of wonder to the traveler. At every turn he seemed to face the wondrous happenings of the long ago. He said afterwards, "No one should preach the Gospel without gaining the wonderful experience of a visit to the Holy Land."

There was much, however, that he wished could be changed. Most of the natives were very poor; some of them were starving; many suffered from a disease of the eyes that caused blindness. The homes were dirty and poorly kept.

The visitor's keen eyes quickly discovered one great cause of trouble, — water was scarce in the land. It could be obtained fresh only at certain seasons.

"There should be pumping stations," decided Mr. Straus, "and a water system like those in the West. Then the people would have less illness because they could drink pure water. The homes could also be kept cleaner."

He at once sought the help of men in this country, asking them to invest money in a

water system for Jerusalem. He set up a soup kitchen in that city, where the poor could be fed; he had filthy streets made clean; he sent for a great eye specialist to come from Europe to treat the disease that caused blindness. He did not stop here, for he had discovered that the natives were very ignorant. Accordingly, he started schools where children could be educated, and where the girls could be taught how to keep house properly.

But there were many idle people who could not get work. At last he thought of a way to help them to support themselves. He knew that visitors from other countries liked to take away mementos of the Holy Land.

"There is a good deal of mother-of-pearl here," he considered. "I will build a factory where it can be made into souvenirs." The factory was built and proved to be a success.

Mr. Straus is still working hard to improve the conditions of "Jerusalem the Golden." He is also doing much for the general good of all Palestine.

The life of this pilgrim from Bavaria has been filled with noble deeds, and now, as he

draws near his threescore years and ten, he continues to be busy, tireless as ever in making the world a better place to live in. He is justly loved and honored by his adopted brothers, the citizens of the United States.

JOSEPH PULITZER

A PILGRIM FROM HUNGARY

Across the Atlantic lies the wild and beautiful country of Hungary. There, in the little village of Mako, Joseph Pulitzer was born on April 10, 1847. He was a bright, interesting, little fellow with a high forehead beneath which were earnest, gray eyes, and a strong, determined chin. He had the quick wit of his Irish mother and the keenness of his Jewish father, a college professor.

The little boy, however, had no longing to become a teacher. His dreams were quite different. He wished to be a soldier like his uncles, who were officers in the army.

"A soldier's life is a noble one," thought the boy, who looked on war as a place where brave deeds are done and where the greatest honors of the world can be gained.

Consequently, when Joseph was seventeen years old, he decided to leave Hungary, sail

across the ocean to the United States, go from there down to Mexico, join the army, and get to fighting as soon as possible.

Full of energy and with high hopes, the young man started out on the voyage across the Atlantic. During the long, lazy days at sea, Joseph talked much with the sailors. They told of the marvelous adventures to be had on the ocean, of their own free and happy life, of the new sights and strange people they met with in their wanderings. Joseph listened eagerly to the tales of the sailors.

"Theirs is a wonderful experience," he considered. He thought less and less about Mexico and the joys and excitements that fall to soldiers. "After all," he decided, "it must be pleasanter to spend one's life on the ocean and to sleep under the stars, lulled by the music of rolling waves, than to march to the sound of fife and drum and take one's rest in the tent of a soldier."

His mind was made up when he reached Boston. Without wasting any time, he began to look about for a chance to begin a sailor's life. He learned that a whaling vessel was

shortly to start on a three years' voyage into the cold, northern waters. There would surely be plenty of adventure there, and accordingly Joseph applied for work on the whaler. For some reason or other, he was not chosen to be one of the crew. Otherwise, his whole after life might have been different.

On reaching America, the young pilgrim did not linger in Boston but went on to New York. He quickly discovered that even this great and wonderful United States of America had troubles of its own, and that war was raging between the North and the South.

"I will take the part of the North," decided the immigrant, and he at once joined the cavalry, where he remained till peace was declared. During those exciting years, he learned the meaning of war and that it is not all glory.

He saw many men suffering from cruel wounds and becoming crippled for life; he watched others meet death; he took part in long and difficult marches; he suffered from cold and storm and hunger. He was present at the Battle of Gettysburg, one of the most

fearful of the war and of all history. Throughout his life as a soldier, he did his duty faithfully, whether in active service on the battlefield, or in small duties such as the care of his horse.

Furthermore, this young Hungarian immigrant was so full of fire and energy that he even took the part of a fellow soldier against his superior officer. The officer, as it happened, was a brutal fellow who liked to show his power over his men, often cruelly and unjustly.

"The fellow needs to have his spirit taken down," thought young Pulitzer, and one day he knocked down the officer. This was, of course, against all laws of army life. It could not go unpunished, so the offender was promptly arrested and locked up to await the time when he should be tried by court-martial.

While he was waiting for judgment, an old general heard that a young Hungarian, who played chess exceedingly well, was in prison awaiting sentence for knocking down an officer.

This old general "pricked up his ears."

He was not particularly concerned as to the reason for the soldier's being imprisoned; but he was interested in the fact that he could not only play chess, but play the game well. He himself had little to do just then, and time hung heavy on his hands. Besides, he was fond of playing chess with any one who understood the game.

Accordingly, he sent for the young man to help him pass away the hours. The two forthwith had many pleasant games together, in which the old general was not winner a single time.

Some people might have been displeased at being repeatedly beaten by an immigrant soldier who could not even speak English easily. Not so the old general. While the games went on, he was learning that the young player before him had a quick, keen mind. His clear eyes and high forehead had pointed this out, but the words and actions of the fellow made the general sure of it.

"I must get the lad out of his scrape," he said to himself. And so, somehow or other, young Pulitzer found himself free one day, and there had been no court-martial either.

When the war came to an end, our pilgrim had learned many things about America. On landing in Boston, he knew the German language and also his own, that of Hungary, but he could not speak English. Now, after four years, he had learned to use it, though not with entire ease. He had seen the roughest kind of life. He had met in the army all sorts of the men to be found in America and had learned their ways. He had listened to stories of their home life and had gained a good deal of knowledge about the American government. But he had not earned much money. And so, after peace was declared, and the army had been disbanded, the young man found himself in the city of New York with only two or three dollars in his pockets.

Not a bright outlook, certainly, when the times were hard, and business was poor after a long and costly war; yet Joseph Pulitzer was not one of the kind to be discouraged. By this time, he had become used to hardship; so, untroubled, he proceeded to take his night's rest in City Hall Park. Unfortunately for him, people were not allowed to

sleep undisturbed in a city park, and policemen were plentiful to see that the laws were carried out. They soon discovered the ex-soldier and made him "move on."

He walked along the streets till he came to French's Hotel in Park Row where, as it happened, there was a kind-hearted fireman in charge of the furnaces. The homeless wanderer spoke to him and told his plight.

"You may sleep in the furnace room," was the answer, and young Pulitzer settled himself in a warm corner to finish his night's rest. But even here he was not to be left in peace. Before morning came, another man took the place of the kind-hearted fireman. Seeing the tramp, as he doubtless called Pulitzer, he lost no time in sending him out into the night. Little did the poor wanderer dream that before many years he would be the owner of that very building and one of the richest men in New York City.

After that wretched night, Joseph Pulitzer had one hard experience after another, trying his hand at anything by which he could earn his living. It has been said that for a time he was a common hackman; then a waiter

and after that, a butler. What did it matter if he were only a servant, or a driver of horses? He was forging ahead, for he was learning about people—American people. Moreover, he was no common hackman or servant; he was reading hungrily in spare hours and listening to whatever was worth listening to. He was also thinking about what he read and heard, and making up his mind as to what to believe and what not to believe. His mind was like the stomach of a young ostrich, never satisfied and always eager for more food.

Not long after the war, the young man decided to leave New York and seek his fortune in St. Louis, but he did not have money enough for the whole journey. He managed one way and another till he came to the Mississippi, across which people were carried in ferry-boats. Small as the fare was, Pulitzer could not pay it.

"I must work my way across," the traveler said to himself.

He went to the captain of one of the ferry-boats and offered to serve him as a fireman. He thought that if he stoked the engine

during several crossings, he could surely earn enough to pay his own passage once.

He was a tall fellow, over six feet in height, and very strong. The captain accepted his offer and was so pleased with his work that he asked him to continue as fireman with good wages. The young man remained at this post for some time. Later on, he tried to get work in St. Louis, but fortune did not smile on him at first. Perhaps she was only testing him.

One day he came across an advertisement: a man who called himself the agent of a large sugar plantation forty miles down the Mississippi asked for hands to work on the plantation.

Young Pulitzer applied for the work, together with about forty other men. The agent told them he could give them the job, but each one must pay him five dollars for getting it. After giving the money, which they managed to get together with hard work, the men were taken on board a steamer which set sail down the river that very night.

At three o'clock in the morning the steamer stopped at a lonely place, and the

party of workmen were directed to land. Then, immediately, the steamer put off into the darkness. The men, left to themselves, began to look around. Not a house was in sight; not a road could be discovered. The party had been fooled! Almost beside themselves with anger, the men decided to get back to St. Louis as quickly as possible to settle with the pretended agent as he deserved.

After a three days' tramp, they reached the city, dirty and half-starved; but the agent was not to be found. He had fled with the money he had dishonestly obtained.

As young Pulitzer, furious at the injustice done to him, went about the city, he chanced to meet a reporter of a newspaper, the *Westliche Post.* He related his adventures so vividly that the reporter said to himself, "That story would be a capital one for my newspaper," and he proceeded to ask the stranger to write it out for him in German. Young Pulitzer promptly did so.

The account must have been exceedingly well written, for when the editor read it, he was greatly interested. "The fellow who wrote that has talent. He knows how to

interest people," he decided, and he forthwith had a talk with the stranger, in which he made him an offer: Mr. Pulitzer was to become a reporter for the *Westliche Post.*

The young man was almost speechless with astonishment. "I doubt much if I can succeed," he said to himself. Nevertheless, it would never do to give up such a good chance, and he accepted the offer.

The *Westliche Post* was at this time in the hands of another pilgrim to this country, Carl Schurz. He soon discovered that the new reporter was an unusual fellow who thought for himself, and who knew how to express his thoughts. When visitors called at Mr. Schurz's office, he would often say: "I have the most interesting young socialist in America working for me, and I want you to see him." Then, calling his office boy, he would give the order: "Ask Joe Pulitzer to come in here for a minute."

So well did the new reporter succeed in his work that he was given more and more important work to do, and in a wonderfully short time he became an editor and part owner of the newspaper. He quickly showed

that he was afraid of no one's opinion; if he believed a thing was right, he would say so freely, no matter how much he might be criticized.

It happened one day that a certain judge got very angry at Mr. Pulitzer's daring. "Before the sun sets," he declared in court, "I will seek Pulitzer and shoot him like a dog."

Was the young editor scared when he heard this threat? Not in the slightest. He was so amused that he got out an extra edition of the paper, telling that he was to be assassinated, and in order that the angry judge should have no extra trouble in hunting for him, he stated that he would remain in his office till sundown, so as to be on hand. In this way he turned the tables, and the judge was held up as a laughing stock to the whole city.

The young man soon became not only well-known but honored, so that before he was twenty-one years old he became a member of the State legislature.

After Mr. Pulitzer had been on the *Westliche Post* for ten years, he purchased another paper called the *St. Louis Post Despatch,*

which he continued to own as long as he lived. The young man had by no means forgotten his past struggles in this country.

"I will work for the good of the great masses of the poor," he determined. "I will attack injustice wherever I see it. The rich should have no rights that the poor cannot share."

With this determination, he worked bravely on till he could say with pride, "My newspaper is a great success." It attracted the attention of people all over the country as well as in his own State. Its editor had by this time become noted, not only for what he wrote, but for the forceful speeches he made in public.

When he was thirty-six years old, the yearly gains from his newspaper were from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars.

"I have all the money I want," Mr. Pulitzer said to himself. "I will go to Europe for rest and study."

Then something happened to change the plans of the St. Louis editor. He learned that the *New York World* was for sale.

"There is the chance for the right man to make a great newspaper, one of the leading ones of the country," Mr. Pulitzer thought. His dreams of rest and study vanished; he forgot that his brain was tired; believing that before him lay a great opportunity, he at once took steps to buy *The World.* He did this in spite of his doctor's warning.

"You are liable to lose your health if you do not rest," said the physician. "You may also ruin your eyesight."

But Mr. Pulitzer would not listen. For many years he had given his strength to his newspaper in the daytime and then read and studied far into the night. He had loved his work and had also been happy in getting the education which had been interrupted when he first came to America. Now that a great opportunity was at hand, he felt that he must not let it slip by unused, even though he needed rest.

The price of the *New York World* was three hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. Mr. Pulitzer paid more than half of the sum at once, and the rest was paid for in the next few years, into which the editor put

tremendous will and energy. The circulation of the paper doubled and re-doubled in a short time, and before long it was one of the leading dailies, not only in this country, but in the whole world.

Mr. Pulitzer has been called "The father of Yellow Journalism," because he introduced the use of flaring head-lines, and other methods of exciting and interesting the minds of the readers. Like all strong people, he had many faults. But, in the main, he followed the same principle that guided him in St. Louis: he stood for the rights of the poor and weak; he made his readers *think;* he pointed out repeatedly that the Declaration of Independence should not be regarded as mere words.

When you visit New York City and look out into the harbor at the Statue of Liberty, it may be well to remember that the money to buy the pedestal on which that statue stands was raised through the efforts of Joseph Pulitzer in his famous newspaper.

The great editor pointed out many wrong things; at one time he saved the country an immense sum of money by exposing an un-

scrupulous plan to rob it. Everywhere, at all times, he proved himself as fearless as in earlier days when he dared the St. Louis judge.

Before many years had passed in New York, Mr. Pulitzer became a very wealthy man. It is said that his gains from *The World* were one million dollars a year. He was now happily married and had a devoted wife and children. He took delight in beautiful scenery, in fine pictures, in literature, and in music.

Then came a terrible shock. Mr. Pulitzer's health suddenly gave way; one eye became entirely blind, and little sight was left in the other; he was a physical wreck.

Even now the sufferer had no idea of giving up the work he loved. To live and be idle was impossible for such a man. He still had a powerful memory and a keen, quick mind, and though he himself could no longer read, he could have others read to him. He therefore engaged secretaries who should keep daily, hourly watch of whatever was happening in all parts of the world. They must acquaint themselves with the new books and

what critics thought of them, with whatever was new in art and music, as well as with the gossip and happenings in all corners of all countries. These secretaries must be posted on past history as well as present, and they must read and be able to answer questions on all subjects. It is easy to see that the tasks of these secretaries were not easy ones, and that no common men could fulfill their duties.

But Mr. Pulitzer himself! Even with such help only a giant mind could keep a great newspaper up to the reputation he had won for it. His was that giant mind.

It must not be forgotten that he was not only blind, but an invalid. His nerves were so shattered that sounds we would scarcely notice gave him keen suffering. He had beautiful homes at Bar Harbor on the Maine coast, at New York City, and at Mentone, Italy. Yet he spent a large part of his time on his yacht, for here he could have greater quiet than anywhere else. Sometimes the yacht lay anchored for days in a peaceful harbor. Sometimes it made long cruises. But Mr. Pulitzer, with the help of his secre-

taries, was constantly in close touch with *The World*.

No one on board the yacht was allowed to forget the owner's sensitive nerves. Every one wore rubber-soled shoes; the doors and windows were double; there must be no loud outcries. The sudden click of a teaspoon against a glass might give the invalid a twinge of pain.

In the midst of this outward quiet, with the soft music of the lapping waves to calm him, Mr. Pulitzer's brain was a busy one — so busy, indeed, that he has been called "The most amazing creature in the world."

Each morning breakfast was served at nine o'clock, when the work of the secretaries began. At this first meal of the day they must furnish "breakfast food," as they called it. This must be what Mr. Pulitzer considered a light form of activity for his mind; it consisted of a general review of the books, plays, music, and recent events as given by magazines devoted to these subjects. Many of us would consider this sufficiently heavy to be called dinner food.

At ten o'clock the great man went to his

cabin to discuss personal matters and interests with his major-domo.

Soon after eleven he was ready for serious work. Holding the arm of one of his secretaries, he would pace the deck, listening to important world news, and articles prepared by the secretary for publication. As he listened, he corrected and criticized whatever displeased or failed to satisfy him.

Then came lunch, but the time was not given to eating alone; the secretaries must now be ready with descriptions of important people and great pictures, and interesting events in general.

Lunch over at last, Mr. Pulitzer went to his room for a nap. But even now he did not wish to be alone. One of his secretaries must sit beside him, reading some book of history till he dozed off to sleep. It was no ordinary reading, for after a few minutes, the invalid would say "Softly." The reader's voice would lower, and when the order soon came, "Quite softly," his voice would sink almost to a whisper and so continue for perhaps the next two hours, even though Mr. Pulitzer lay sleeping all this time. Till the

blind man should speak again, the murmur must continue, else he might waken.

The afternoon was filled with the same kind of work as the morning. Then came dinner, at which Mr. Pulitzer was entertained as at lunch. At nine o'clock one of the secretaries read aloud till ten, when the busy day ended.

Sometimes Mr. Pulitzer entered into the conversation of his secretaries. He was a wonderful speaker, and the men around him forgot everything else as they listened. Once in a while he would tell of exciting adventures in his own life. But he was almost sure to end suddenly, exclaiming: "For Heaven's sake, why do you let me run on like this? As soon as a man gets in the habit of talking about his past adventures, he may just as well make up his mind that he's growing old and that his intellect is giving way."

From time to time Mr. Pulitzer's wife and children paid him short visits. He loved them dearly, but their coming excited the weak nerves so much that he had to pay for the pleasure of their company with sleepless nights and sharp pain. Friends also came,

but rarely, for there was the same price to the invalid — suffering.

When the great man stayed at his home at Bar Harbor, he used to take rides on horseback every morning and afternoon. A groom always rode close at hand to take care no accident befell his master. On the other side rode one of the secretaries, with pockets filled with notes and clippings from the daily newspapers, for even when exercising, Mr. Pulitzer was not willing to let his active mind lie idle.

The blind man sometimes spent a few days in his beautiful villa at Mentone. Then he often took automobile trips to Monte Carlo to listen to the afternoon concerts there. Again, during a brief stay at Wiesbaden, where he sometimes went with the hope of being helped by the famous waters, he would attend some opera. But always his secretaries attended him, ready with reports of the doings of the great world.

Many years passed in this way, the blind editor conducting his newspaper and keeping it up to its standard as one of the leading ones of the world. As time went by, he came

to regret the harm done by some of the sensational newspapers, for whom he had long ago set the example. He became interested in starting a school of journalism in New York, in which young writers might learn the best methods of giving news.

To be sure, he had allowed many things to be written for *The World* that were exaggerated or in bad taste. Yet in his own writings he showed clearly that he wished the Republic to stand to others for what it had always done to him ever since he landed here, a poor, young immigrant. Freedom, fairness, and an equal chance for all,—these he believed in heartily and strove to make his readers believe in as well.

Joseph Pulitzer's busy and wonderful life came to an end in the year 1911, when he left behind him a vast fortune, every penny of which he had won by hard, persistent work. People now learned that while his family would have an abundant portion of his riches, he had remembered generously those who had served him in his years of blindness. He also left one million dollars to the School of Journalism at Columbia University. Hav-

ing always been a deep lover of music, he left five hundred thousand dollars to the Philharmonic Society of New York City. Believing in the good that comes from education, he endowed scholarships, that earnest but poor young men might be able to attend college. A half-million dollars was also given to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York City, that its thousands of visitors might feast their eyes on treasures never offered before. Alas! for nearly a quarter of a century the only works of art the donor had himself known were those which he could behold only in his own mind.

In different rooms of *The World* building these words were long since printed by the direction of its chief: "Accuracy, terseness, accuracy." Such was the ideal of Joseph Pulitzer, together with service to others and the holding of his adopted countrymen to the standards set by their forefathers.

To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

25M-7-42

NOV 12 1947

371.331
W121

BALCONY COLLECTI
CURRICULUM L...RA

Wade, M.H.
Pilgrims of to-day. 726371

DATE	NAME	DATE
NOV 26 1947		

LIBRARY. SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. STANFORD

726371